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The good Mill and the bad

By Nicholas Phillipson

GERTRUDE HIMMELFARB

On Liberty and Liberalism
The Case of John Stuart Mill
345pp. Secker and Warburg. £4.90.

Like John Stuart Mill, Gertrude Himmelfarb is a moralist as well as a scholar, and if there is a touch of drama about her study of *On Liberty* it is because she sees Mill's book as the cornerstone of the sort of liberalism she does not like at all. She is worried by the modern liberal's built-in distrust of established intellectual and moral authority, his reverence for the right to act as he pleases with scant regard for the social consequences. Above all she is worried by the immaturity of a liberalism which has never been able to develop a realistic conception of social and political authority. She writes,

Having made an absolute of liberty and having established the individual as sovereign, the liberal has no integrated view of the individual in society which can moderate either his passion for liberty or his desire for regulation and control. When liberty proves inadequate, government rushes in. And since the only function assigned to government by the principle of liberty is the negative one of protection against injury when government is obliged to assume a positive role, neither its proper power nor its proper limits have been defined. The paradox is inevitable: government tends to become unlimited when liberty itself is thought to be unlimited.

This, then, is "the only sort of public philosophy we have" and it is Mill's most important legacy to us. The better we understand its origins, Miss Himmelfarb thinks, the better we shall be able to evaluate its intellectual worth. Maybe so, although I doubt whether the extraordinary story she has to tell will do much to shake the faith of modern American liberals in a mode of thinking which has a hundred and one more immediate sources of intellectual authority than Mill. The paradox that Miss Himmelfarb reveals with stunning scholarship and clarity is that there was no more profound and concerned critic of the sort of liberalism expounded in *On Liberty* than Mill himself. In fact there are two Mills: the first, founding his philosophical feet on a profound intellectual and emotional crisis as the critic of the primitive utilitarianism of Bentham and his followers, and the second, Mill as he wrote the *Logic and Political Economy*. The second wrote *On Liberty* and fell, quite happily it seems, into the very traps against which he had warned others. The paradox is certainly very striking. To argue, as the second Mill did, that the principles of liberty could be embodied in "one very simple principle" was to revert to a simplistic mode of thinking he had abandoned at appalling cost to himself in 1826. To rely society and see it as a juggernaut working for the destruction of individuality, morality and above all, truth, was to take an authoritarian, romantic view of society which was entirely foreign to his earlier intellectual habits. In the past he had thought of freedom of discussion as a necessary evil, useful for discovery.

Miss Himmelfarb's touch seems to falter here. No doubt she does enough to make sense of the text of *On Liberty* and to demonstrate Herlihy's contribution to it, but she has not gone far enough to make sense of the trouble is that the expectations of the discussion are such that one wants to make sense of him very much indeed. She seems as puzzled by Mill's willingness to betray himself at the end of the book as she is by the beginning. Mill's close friends and acquaintances were much less puzzled, however, they seem to have found *On Liberty* a much more characteristic Millian work than she does. Perhaps that was because they recognised Mill's long-standing and deep-seated fascination with poetry, intuition and those enthusiasms which while they might not be provable in critical philosophy were in fact the very life of his mind.

Of course, it has always been recognised that there was a tension between *On Liberty* and the rest of Mill's work, but such are the deities of historians of ideas that it has always been minimised. Miss Himmelfarb's discussion is novel, compelling and immensely stimulating. It is a good thing that she has good reading. She makes a point of saying, it is often only chosen.

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finds the work of the first Mill so attractive and that of the second so distasteful. One sees the difficulty. It is all very well to think in terms of a good Mill and a bad Mill, but can one really understand the one if one does not understand the other? However hard she tries, Miss Himmelfarb cannot prevent her discussion turning into the story of Mill's betrayal of his better, more philosophical self and it is this that occupies the second part of the book.

Miss Himmelfarb shows, entirely convincingly, that Mill's anti-modern conception of society could not possibly have stemmed from a rational appreciation of the society in which he lived. He knew perfectly well that mid-Victorian society was remarkably tolerant of eccentric lifestyles; as Macaulay put it: "Mill is really crying 'Fire' in Noah's flood." What did worry him, however, was what he called the *Woman Question* and it had done so for a long time. He thought that marriage was the last remaining form of slavery. It had turned his mother into a contemptible German hausfrau unable to give his father the companionship he needed. It had threatened to destroy the incomparable genius of his wife, whose talent for practical philosophy was, he thought, of the greatest potential value to human progress. What Miss Himmelfarb is able to show conclusively is that Mill's only reason for being so consistent with the central doctrines of *On Liberty*. In fact, *On Liberty* is to be seen as a generalized statement of his thinking on this most important question.

Harriet, too, minded about the *Woman Question* and this raises the crucial question of the part she played in the conception and composition of *On Liberty*. It is now generally recognized that she had a much greater influence on Mill than his friends recognized—most of them did not like her much or she did not like them much. Nor does Miss Himmelfarb, who finds her sharp, intuitive, confident of her own genius, quick to generalize and impatient of complexity; a genuine utopian who believed that human nature could be purified by means of social engineering. She believes that when Mill said that "the whole mode of thinking [in *On Liberty*] was essentially hers" that was no more than the literal truth. She is struck by Mill's extraordinary desire to abuse himself in her presence, to exaggerate her intellectual and practical talents. (In this context, it is well worth remembering that Mill was a notorious fuss-pot in ordinary life, unable to do the simplest domestic chores without defining his problems, they could not be used to solve them. As Fitzjames Stephen, one of Mill's most perceptive critics put it: "One who knew Mill only through his writings knew but half of him and that the other half".) And the biographer, struck by Mill's sense that he was a challenging prospectus by a scholar as Miss Himmelfarb would be very excited indeed.

There is a great deal more to be said about Mill's intellectual development and while his taste can be used to define his biographical problems, they cannot be used to solve them. As Fitzjames Stephen, one of Mill's most perceptive critics put it: "One who knew Mill only through his writings knew but half of him and that the other half".) And the biographer, struck by Mill's sense that he was a challenging prospectus by a scholar as Miss Himmelfarb would be very excited indeed.

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The making of an eclectic

By Alan Ryan

R. J. HALLIDAY

John Stuart Mill
151pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.50.

John Stuart Mill's "mental crisis" has been the starting point of a good many commentaries on his work. Yet, few of those commentaries have done anything to illuminate his intellectual and political allegiances during the decade between the miserable winter of 1826-27 and the final relief of his father's death. It might be said that those who have not tried to bring order into that period have wisely decided not to attempt the impossible. Mill's allegiances were so unstable, so contradictory one of the other, that nothing more can be done than was done in Michael Packe's *Life*. We can say what Mill wrote, when and for whom; and, less certainly, and what frame of mind he was when he wrote it. We can guess at the constraints under which he laboured, living under his father's roof, while writing to Carlyle and Sterling of his detestation of the coldness and narrowness of the Philistine Radicals' hearts and imaginations. We can imagine the contradictory impulses which his platonic affair with Mrs Taylor must have inspired in him. And we can, with the assistance of Joseph Hamburger, sort out some of the many-sided, singularly confused political scene of the 1820s and 1830s had on his thoughts about the prospects for reform and the appropriate shape this should take. We can thus trace his views on the role of the parties, the proper role of the Radicals in Parliament, his estimate of the personalities of the day. But, whether we can find anything like the unity of style, of argument, of allegiance which marks his work after 1840 is another matter altogether.

The distinctive feature of John Halliday's little book is that it sets out to show that Mill's ideas, as they emerge in *Liberty, Representative Government, the Political Economy* and so on, can only be understood in terms of Mill's own crisis. This is not to say that Mill's mature doctrines are to be understood in psychological terms, as emotional responses to an emotional collapse. Mr Halliday is properly cool in his handling of the material. His argument is doctrinal—it is that Mill became an eclectic, a Tory, and a romantic in the years after the crisis, and that those allegiances remained with him throughout his life. He does not see Mill settling back into a Benthamite view of the world in later life, does not see him—as Gertrude Himmelfarb does—adopting simplistic liberal views under the influence of Harriet Taylor and returning to a more genial, complex conservatism after her death. Unlike some of us, he does not even see Mill simply as Mill saw himself, trying to accommodate the insights of every major intellectual with a brusque and principled utilitarian philosophy.

The question is, of course, what we are to understand by the doctrines of eclecticism, Toryism and romanticism as they are here presented. It is perhaps the first of these that provides the greatest difficulty. When Mill is described as an eclectic, as he frequently is, the term is usually intended pejoratively—as if to say that Mill picked up ideas he liked, and stuffed them into whatever ramshackle intellectual framework he could patch together for the purpose. Thus he espoused a utilitarianism which in principle entitled governments to do whatever seemed best, and then ineffectually restricted them with *On Liberty*'s principle that self-regarding behaviour was to be left untouched. He introduced into a moral theory which concerned itself only with maximizing happiness the notion that there were kinds of happiness, too, and that less of the better sort was to be preferred to more of the worse sort—leaving to the wise man to decide which sort was the better and which the worse. He employed a technique of philosophical analysis reminiscent of Hume's, and anticipating that of Russell and Ayer, and sympathetic to the view that the qualities Mr Halliday names are central in estimating the worth of these—but largely because most of us are dubious whether the truth in the strict sense enters into it; equally, most of us would want to say that

defences against these charges; indeed, the perennial interest of Mill sometimes seems to lie in the opportunities he provides for heroic rescue attempts. The point of introducing them here, though, is to illustrate the sort of thing critics have in mind when they accuse Mill of being no more than an eclectic.

Mr Halliday does not intend to accuse Mill of anything. To call Mill an eclectic is to emphasize a number of features of Mill's work. First, it is to emphasize his hostility to sectarian attitudes: "To begin with, Mill's eclecticism was mainly a condemnation of his past, far stronger in self-denial than in anything else. He had no time for sectarianism, no heart for 'militancy'." Having been brought up to lead the armies of eighteenth-century rationalism, Mill turned against both the critical spirit inculcated by his father and Bentham, and the militant manner in which debate was conducted. Second, it is to emphasize Mill's concern with "many-sidedness". Mill's *Autobiography* records how he took Locke's slogan for his own at this time: "I must not neglect any of the faculties of my mind." He was, in other words, opposed to all forms of system-building. It is certainly true that he acquired the conviction that any system which could replace that of the Radicals would be a disaster. "Far more complex and manifold than it. Third, it is to emphasize Mill's concern to secure agreement among all educated and instructed men.

His essay on *The Spirit of the Age* took up and endorsed the Saint-Simonian claim that society was in a "natural" state only when major doctrines were agreed on by the instructed and accepted on trust by everyone else; and even if Mill increasingly came to see the Saint-Simonians as the sectarian enthusiasts he were, and Auguste Comte as the most dangerous of them, he was, he never lost his belief in the need for a "clerisy". On Mr Halliday's account of it, this led Mill to search for agreement rather than disagreement, led him always to play down the more radical elements in favour of the axiomatic media or secondary principles on which all men of good will might agree. It was, so to speak, the search for an aristocracy of intellect and sentiment which both reinforced Mill's dislike of sectarianism and yet enabled him to sympathize with those who thought they had found the truth on which all instructed persons could unite.

The question which all this naturally raises is that of how Mill supposed the eclectic was to tell whether to embrace or reject some new doctrine. Although Mr Halliday reminds us that Mill said he looked for "no system" to replace that in which he had been reared, he knows, even if he does not stress, that Mill was equally insistent that he did not play down the more radical elements in favour of the axiomatic media or secondary principles on which all men of good will might agree. It was, so to speak, the search for an aristocracy of intellect and sentiment which both reinforced Mill's dislike of sectarianism and yet enabled him to sympathize with those who thought they had found the truth on which all instructed persons could unite.

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where truth in the strict sense does enter into it, then those qualities are optional extras beside it. The first virtue of a scientific theory is to be true; and Mill's eclecticism never led him to suppose anything else.

The connection between Mill's eclecticism and his romanticism is extremely close. Romanticism in this context means Mill's well-known concern for self-culture. Like everyone else, Mr Halliday sees that the aftermath of Mill's nervous collapse was his search for a new self, a character made by him and not for him to reverse the Owenite slogan. On Mr Halliday's reading of this romanticism, Mill did not abandon only the old-fashioned utilitarianism whose slogan was "pushpin is as good as poetry"; he also abandoned the psychological theory of "passive sensationism" which went with it.

The psychological theory was rebuilt to allow the necessary room for human agents to change themselves, and the moral theory was extended to show them in what direction they might do so, and what encouragement or restraint might give them in the process. On this, I think Mr Halliday exaggerates a good deal. The famous chapter in the *Logic*, where Mill distinguishes between fatalism and determinism, certainly argues, plausibly enough, that a man who wishes to change his own character can do so—his desire to do so being one of the causal antecedents of his actually doing it. But the psychological theory within which this is argued is in no important way different from that which he inherited from his father. Indeed, it is just this which has led more than one critic to argue that Mill was attempting the impossible in trying to show the existence of a kind of freedom which is logically incompatible with universal determinism, while he was consistently affirming the universality of causal determination.

Many readers will find Mill the romantic and eclectic a fairly familiar figure: the Tory Mill—even the lower-case Tory Mill—may come to his mind more surely. Mr Halliday himself has his doubts; having described Mill's views in the early 1830s as "an ideal and contemplative Toryism", he promptly goes on to assert, "This is a poor label". Mill was not a pessimist about human nature, he has no attachment to prejudices for its own sake. The case is, however, worse even than that.

Mr Halliday contrasts Toryism as he understands it with radicalism; yet Mill frequently praised Coleridge as a truer radical than most of the philosophical Tories. Again, Mr Halliday later refers to Mill's "Tory disdains" for the man in the street, as evidenced by the scheme for giving additional voting rights to the well educated which Mill spelt out in *Representative Government*. Yet one must recall that utilitarianism of the old-fashioned sort could equally well provide grounds for doubting the average man's ability to see where his best interests lay. Edwin Chadwick was a great deal less of a theorist of participatory democracy than was Mill, and James Mill's list of those who might without loss be excluded from the suffrage was a great deal longer than his son's, even if we ignore their differences over the enfranchisement of women. Of course, the label picks up something. The stress on national character which Mill picked up from Coleridge was an important and characteristically Tory element in his thinking. But even here Mr Halliday seems too reluctant to recognize the extent to which Mill's early enthusiasm for a balance between the forces of order and the forces of progress gave way to an emphasis on progress alone, with order dismissed as the utopian requirement that if we are to go forward we must certainly not go back.

Still, we should not carp at a certain looseness of fit in the description of Mill, as a sort of Tory there were moments in his career when he would not have flinched from the label himself, and he could hardly have learnt as much as he claimed from Coleridge and Wordsworth without acquiring some views which are plausibly called Tory views.

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TLS Commentary

Killing in the market

While English bookfairs are by all accounts Shangri-las of scholarly peace and tranquillity, the publishers' annual waygoose at Frankfurt is a very different affair. The latest—and slightly too late—account comes from Hubert Montell, whose *Dead Copy* (204pp, Macdonald and Jane's, £3.95) depicts a 'Welpurgisnacht of cupid and concupiscence, against which the Middle Ages' hosts of prostitutes seem models of disinterested rectitude. The American translation—by Barbara Bray—was called *Murder at the Frankfurt Book Fair*, and this has been retained as a subtitle on the English edition by the English publishers—'if publishing is not too strong a word for a release which retains not merely "humor," "humor," and the occasional cockle, but even the confusing American style of darning (25/10 for Christmas Day), despite a claim that the book was printed in England. On the title-page, still more regrettably, they have substituted the subtitle "a Wicked, Witty Novel about the Publishing of an International Bestseller."

But no publisher could equal the philistine rascality of M. Montell, presumably fictional Félix Grouillot. "One must never give up on a horse. Look at Saint John, his Gospel is the best of the four, and he didn't write it until he was a hundred. What publisher would have backed him when he was twenty? Publishers are said to get the writers they deserve (and vice versa) and Grouillot has been trapped in a contract that would disavow an indigent labourer one Dominique Labattut-Largaud, a poseur and unsuccessful literary crook, who gets the odd case of booze on the side by having the heroes of his thrillers drink named brands at dramatic moments. This profitable sideline comes unstuck through Dominique's incompetence. He is further burdened by a son with a bent for murder (arguing "Literature," only most a hazy ideological superstructure) and an unfaithful wife, on whom he wistfully reflects: "we mustn't forget that if she'd lived in Palestine under Tiberius I could have had her stoned to death and married a young girl."

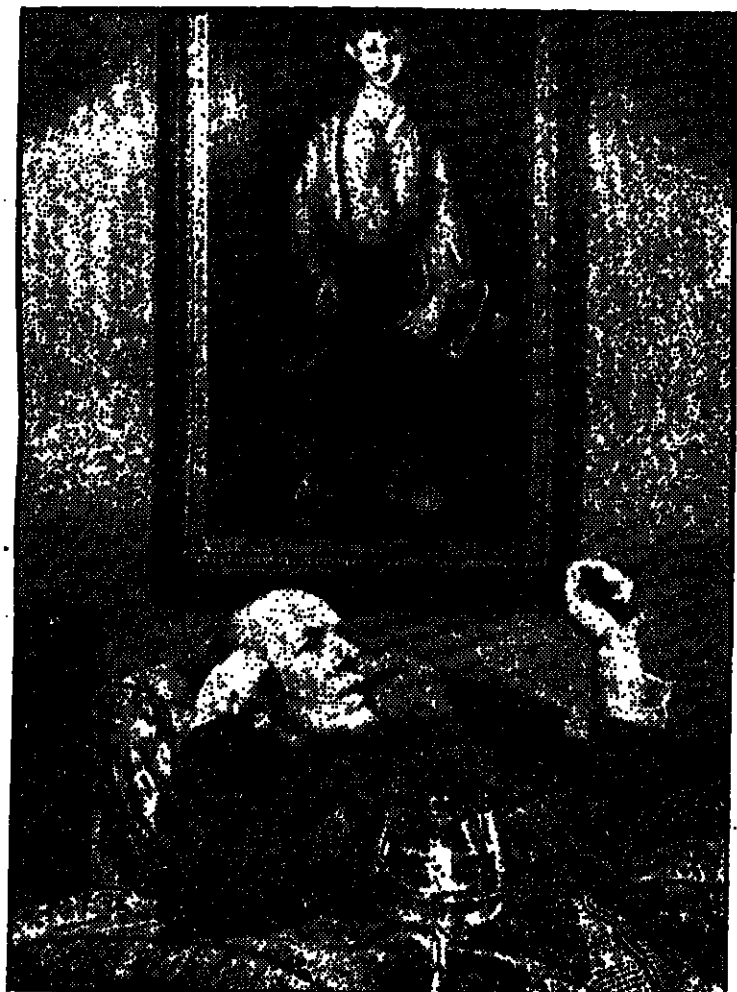
L.L. resolves to revenge himself on the world by manipulating Grouillot into publishing, as a pseudonymous pastiche, an obscure novel by the Abbé Prévost. He is caught in his own beartrap when the fraud undetected, except by Cécile Dubois, a plagiarist and archivist (not "charlatan") at the Bibliothèque Nationale. With the Prix Fénelon and a contract with Knopf, the chaste Mag Bodard secures it in everyone's interest to maintain the deception and placate Cécile, while she, the shrew of a guilty secret, finds her distant admiration turn to something more. Dominique devotes the time of the book to out-judging her brittle religious hypocrisy, but a liaison between a female con and the transient king of French letters is bound to prove fruitless, and the book ends badly for all concerned; even Cécile's disgusting tonic does not escape the dislocust.

In the best anti-roman fashion, this ruthlessly entertaining immorality is a study in the psychology of the writer. The novel is a study in the psychology of the writer. The novel is a study in the psychology of the writer.

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James Agate at home, London, 1939: the photograph is by Felix H. May, best known in Britain for his work on Picture Post, whose chief photographer he was. Over seventy of his informal portraits, mostly in black and white, and ranging from Mussolini to David Hockney, are on exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery from October 1 until January 2, 1977

1100 pennies for your Thoughts

It has not taken long for the late Mao Tse-tung to be set spinning in his grave, for maoism, or Mao, or whatever vestigial name he has finally been earmarked for (him), As the grateful China-watchers argue over who is likely to be the next supreme of the People's Republic, left-wing bibliophiles suddenly have the chance of demonstrating their unswerving solidarity with the Maoist canon by investing in, of all anomalous things, a de luxe edition of the *Little Red Book*. This timely publication is the brainchild of a publisher in Paris, Jean de Bonnot, who claims it for what it doubtless is, a "world first." The volume comes in seamless, handworked sheepskin and is bound in eponymous red. It has illustrations by Chinese artists (another "first" this), a full-length portrait of the author on the spine, and lettering in 22-carat gold: rather a revisionist format, some might say, for so scrupulously egalitarian a work.

But there is a clever touch of Dadae Carnegie about M. de Bonnot's advertisements for his gorgeous re-

production, hinting that a daily dip into the inspirational Thoughts could well fire the faintest Parisian radical of 1976 with the same enthusiasm as the Long Marchers of 1936 marching "across 18 mountain ranges amidst storms of snow," and "24 rivers to be awash or crossed on makeshift bridges" as they fulfilled their "trek through 12 immense and sometimes hostile provinces where a sparse population, supported by servitude, watched these giant and rugged soldiers pass . . .". Or, if long marches through the upper reaches of rhetoric are not your line, the *Red Book* can equally well "offer something more fragrant: a subtle and inimitable perfume which once impregnated the memorable works of Chinese wisdom." So whether it is slogans or chinoliseis you are after, M. de Bonnot can supply it. The only snag is the price, which is 104 francs, or some 12 of our own shabby £: an item, clearly, to think twice about before vowing it above the head at the next Paris gathering of the enraged.

Montell's book is a study in the psychology of the writer. The novel is a study in the psychology of the writer. The novel is a study in the psychology of the writer.

Night life of old Egypt

Whatever it may be like in reality, copulating with a jorban in a dress is very bad news, signifying the passing of a judgment against the dreamer. Just as ominous are dreams of dalliance with a kile, pig, one's wife (in public) or a woman—except a mother or sister, which is good news, but not in baby lonia.

The source for this is an Egyptian dream book (BM Papyrus 1063), which has not recently had the attention it deserves. It is translated in Naphtali Lewis's *The Interpretation of Dreams and Portents* (167pp, Toronto: Hakart, \$3.95) in the "Antiquity" series of which Professor Lewis is the general editor. This is an entertaining and scholarly collection from Roman, Greek, Egyptian and Mesopotamian sources, with an unfashionably rational commentary; but it is that first item that grabs the casual reader: listing first all the good omens (up a dum palm, fermenting dates, and so on), then the bad, and finally the BAD written in red to put the frighteners on.

Pharaoic onomancy depicts largely on food: eating donkey (bad) is good, eating crocodile (bad) is good (it means obtaining the possessions of an official); drinking beer, drinking wine, drinking blood, drinking urine (one's own) are all promising; not so drinking water, blood, munching a cucumber, drinking blood (sorry about that), eating falcon (good) or a snake (bad). Notched scymoror (figs) (BAD), meaning pangs. Moreover, to dream of eating what one detests is "BAD": it means a man eating what he detests.

Contrariwise, building a house, or making a feast chamber for one's ill-luck; less surprisingly, it is BAD to dream of removing one of one's legs. Catechism: "If a man is massacred," being given a harp, being made into an official (death is close at hand). But sightseeing in Buziris (provided you do not see any dwarfs or ostriches) is fortunate and educational: go-goodism. In criticism because "children's literature abounds in contradictions, ambiguities and arguments" and "the traditional defences of all creative literature become relevant where the writer can claim responsibility to himself and his own vision". His message to teachers and parents is the familiar one, "to value children's literature for its own sake." It is not a new statement, but there are always renewed reasons for making it.

Fairy stories, for instance, are a perpetual challenge. Here Mrs Trimmer's protests are linked to George Cruikshank's reviling and Dickens's parody. From these we see the nineteenth-century preoccupation with moral values, while Catherine Storr's essay shows how we have substituted for this a discussion of psychological apposite-

ness. But the issue is no sharper than that. "Suitable" is seen to change meaning, but that is all. The archetypal nature of the tales is not explored, and the introduction does not engage with the problems of presenting these stories to modern children in the light of changing adult susceptibility. The outset Mr Tucker's superficiality is disappointing, and it becomes clear early in the book that as children's literature has become more diversified, so the competences of critics must become wider and deeper.

Where comics are concerned he has a clearer line, but again he seems to leave the issues where they were before. One had hoped for a sharper sociological perspective of the kind that Richard Hoggart or George Orwell gave, or some opinion about the illustrations that could be extended to Asterix or Dr Seuss. Is an anti-literary message for the real thing to be appreciated? The answer to this question and others has to be inferred by the reader. I have been supported in the past by the ideas in Mr Tucker's own essay that comics are children's currency, and that a mixed reading diet is healthy. But now I want to know if the satisfaction they offer children is the same as it ever was, now that there are so many cartoons on television. We said make busy guesses about the social class of the readers of comics; we have no real idea of what is required by the child, imaginatively and linguistically, to make a credible story out of the drawings and balloons.

In considering books and stories that frighten children, Nicholas Tucker quotes a classic piece by Mrs Sherwood and adds the testimony of Chesterton and Dickens. The burden of the modern explanation falls again on Catherine Storr who makes an excellent case for literature as a means of coming to terms with the full range of human emotions. If the question of suitability is an acute one, this is its most pertinent, most Aristotelian focus. Psychological findings applied to criticism supply some insights into why the picture of a dog with eyes as big as saucers is horrifying to a five-year-old, but not to a six-year-old who understands the kind of stuff that stories are. Fear and suitability have a developmental aspect which leads to the distinctions we learn to make between the Gothic tale and the ghost story, between the terror in *The Turn of the Screw* and the fear of *Moby-Dick*.

Nicholas Tucker's best place, "The Children's Falstaff", is in the

TLS Children's books

Reading behind the lines

By Margaret Meek

NICHOLAS TUCKER (Editor):
Suitable for Children?
Controversies in Children's Literature
224pp, Sussex University Press, £6.

Nicholas Tucker has long occupied a special place in the world of children's books. To parents who read where he has brought the consolations of developmental psychology to quell any anxiety that it might be less than adult to read, he has added to the academic respectability of nursery rhymes, and reassured teachers who are afraid of children's literature experts. He binds together the many strands of concern about childhood that children's books draw out, giving breadth to psychological studies by his awareness of the importance of imagination, and support to those who create the worlds that children inhabit when they read. His major concern is among the multifarious experiences of childhood, literature, however defined, is an important one.

This is the theme of his introduction to a collection of twenty-five essays from various hands, including his own, grouped together under headings: "Fairy Stories", "Comics", "Children's Classics and 'Fairy'", "Children's Classics and 'Fairy'", "Children's Classics and 'Fairy'", "Children's Classics and 'Fairy'". The title of the collection asks a question, and the preface presumes that these are "controversial" topics. As this is an area that has often attracted more than its fair share of cosy, ineffectual criticism in the past, I have preferred to choose from sharper issues which are often more stimulating.

Mr Tucker repudiates "adult nostalgia and educational dog-goodism" in criticism because "children's literature abounds in contradictions, ambiguities and arguments" and "the traditional defences of all creative literature become relevant where the writer can claim responsibility to himself and his own vision". His message to teachers and parents is the familiar one, "to value children's literature for its own sake." It is not a new statement, but there are always renewed reasons for making it.

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LEO BAXENDALE: Willy the Kid: Duckworth. £1. (7156 1090 2)—the review above is by Russell Davies.

section that deals with children's classics. Jan Hill's "Oh Please Mr Tiger" has a passion that is missing from too much criticism. Articles reprinted from *New Society* treat Tolkien, de Brunhoff and Beatrix Potter with some scorn, but not enough to challenge their established suitability. Indeed, by this time the titular question has faded, to be replaced in the last section by a different one—the value of children's literature.

In some ways Jill Paton Walsh's essay "The Rainbow Surface" has not been bettered since it appeared in the TLS (December 3, 1971), and Mary Warnock's place "The Flight of the Imagination" introduces a real note of dissent. Although it is an early piece, it should be read in the context of his book *Language and Learning*, James Britton raises issues about narrative which, if pursued, could have been the jumping-off ground for new advances in critical theory. To my intense disappointment I find that, in this whole collection, there are none.

The fault lies in the shifting focus of the central issue. "Suitability" is not the problem. What suits a child at a given age or time is not susceptible of definition in a way that helps the critical enterprise. As an idea it is linked to two other focal points of criticism of

children's books which are also running out of usefulness: the notion that literature is an exclusive, special and somehow challenging form of reading matter, and the alternative set of problems connected with its accessibility.

In the context of those who concern themselves with literary "standards", suitable books are those selected for praise according to criteria defined by critics writing about special authors. This is the Leavis tradition extended to children's literature; the criticism is exclusive, elitist, mostly concerned with analysis of established writers. There are few traces of this in *Suitable for Children?*, as Nicholas Tucker is more concerned to create readers and he uses his discernment to make literature accessible. His kind of criticism makes inclusive judgments and extensive analysis. It looks untidy, because the critics are concerned not to keep masterpieces as the privilege of the already privileged. For them "suitable" means suitable for any child or group of children, as part of a judgment of any book written for the young. Nicholas Tucker's strength is here, but as he has put together an incomplete thesis he has failed to make a good case. This has, for me at least, pointed again to the need to extend our critical competences and enter-

prises, to extend and refine our judgments beyond notions of "excellence" and "suitability", or both readers and authors will out-strip us.

We could make good use of the insights of a theorist like Barbara Hardy (in *Tellers and Listeners*, for example) to examine the ways in which the writers of stories for children, from the fairy tale to *Nobody's Family* is *Going to Change*. "Use" and analysis of forms of narrative which are essential and crucial aspects of our experience of ourselves, of each other, and of the larger world". By looking in an exclusive way at a small number of "good" authors we have failed to analyse their changing use of basic narrative forms. We owe a long overdue look at the crucial limitations, experiential and linguistic, within which the narrative imagination must work whether the readers are children or adults who share children's books as once children shared those of adults. Where does the author stand in relation to his reader? What stories do the characters tell themselves? How many kinds of storying are in one story? What is the relation of the real to the story world? We have still so much to explore. What a pity that *Suitable for Children?* seems rather to hold us back.

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Bedtime stories

JUDY BLUME:

Forever
Collins. £2.95. (575 02144 6)

DAVID REES:

Quintin's Man
Dobson. £1.95. (234 77433 9)

One of the biggest gaps between adult and child understanding has always been in the area of sex and passion. Not so much in their existence and vocabulary, or in the various techniques for fulfilling them—most school playgrounds can be reasonably well-informed on these scores today. Rather, it arises from ignorance of the feelings and the acts, which a child cannot really find reflected in his own passions at the time, however generally curious he may be about such things. Even for a precocious child like the young Jean-Paul Sartre, a book like *Madame Bovary* eventually became incomprehensible with the adult characters behaving in increasingly strange and unpredictable ways even though, as he writes in his autobiography, he really did understand some twenty times and indeed knew whole paragraphs by heart. Small wonder that when sex is explained to younger children at various intervals, it is received not so much with awe, disgust or technical disinterest as with a shrill "why should adults from the monarchy downwards, wish to behave in such bizarre ways, except perhaps for the sole clinical purpose of propagating children?" In this sense, romance deals with the passion outside and beyond marriage is bound to appear even more baffling than most.

When children's writers have played down this passion in the past, therefore, it has not always been because of squeamishness—there is also the problem of being able to carry your audience with you. On the other hand, once this audience has passed into adolescence and understands these things rather better, there may then be good reasons for telling them that the really interesting and equally powerful wish to be told. Now that novels can be increasingly frank and still make the school or junior public library, we can expect growing numbers of books on this score, making up for some of the deficiencies of the past, where taboo titles might once be carefully guarded in the "For adults only" section of the library's shelf. And of such books, few have yet been quite so outspoken as Judy Blume's *Forever*, an American novel published in this country for "young adults".

This is a story as told by the adolescent heroine, about an affair with another seventeen-year-old that germinates, burgeons and finally goes to seed. As a narrative technique, talking straight from the

adolescent's mouth can also act as camouflage for slack writing, not entirely avoided here. Although it may be in character for the narrator to rhapsodize about eyes that are "very dark, with just a rim of green and other times they sparkle and are greenish-gray all over," it is still no less tedious to read. So if the author does manage to catch the almost insupportable agonism of some adolescents at this age, it is at the cost of producing a dull novel about two very dull young people, told in prose of the same soggy consistency as the used tissues that play such an important part in the couple's post-amatory techniques.

But it is just in this area, perhaps, that the book either justifies itself or not; if it is sex that is wanted, there is plenty of it here. Mutual masturbation ("Did I do okay?") and later intercourse, play leading roles supported by a full cast of lesser objects and functions, from rubbers, the pill and Planned Parenthood to "breaking your cherry" and vaginal discharge ("Just clear. . . That's normal."). Yet even as a fictionalized sex manual, *Forever* is nowhere near as explicit as other material available for everyone today, nor is it as erotic as, for example, that "jolly little story" *Fanny Hill*. In fact, it is not erotic at all: its protagonists couple and separate like two well-lubricated automata, and if this novel is remarkable for anything, it is in its ability to

Untypical teenagers

URSULA LE GUIN:

A Very Long Way from Anywhere Else
Collins. £2.25. (575 02161 6)

RICHARD PARKER:

In and Out the Window
Hutchinson. £2.45. (09 127110 X)

The new offering from Ursula Le Guin, one of the most important science-fiction and fantasy writers to emerge recently, is a curiosity. It has all the trappings of a teenage magazine story. Divided into tantalizing chunks, ideal for serialization, its plot is a familiar one: boy meets girl on bus; boy and girl are smitten; sex rears its ugly head (not a little reluctantly); girl retreats; boys smashes car up; boy observes girl from afar; reconciliation; girl departs for college. . . .

Mrs Le Guin has done a brave thing: she has confronted the stereotypical and transmogrified it; she has also made a firm stand for intellectual elitism. Her lovers are highly precocious misfits, not at all fashionable creatures those days: Natalie intends to be a composer and Owen, against his mother's quiet but indomitable will,

trivialize sex, something that is in no puritan has ever managed to do. This is an absence of poetry or passion about this couple; an emotional impotence in the midst of perfect physical health. The characters are so flat one might almost be a sexed-up Enid Blyton plot—Fire on an orgy, perhaps. But at the end of the book, a better analogy might be a so-far missing link in the human chain and John reading scheme: *Get and have sex!*

Turning to *Quintin's Man* is like exchanging a life-size rubber for a real person. It is a novel around Exeter, where the young hero is in love with the girl, the road in a context that recognizes the complexity of things, and the way in which things can also become involved in a relationship that in turn sets to give meaning to everything else. It is not a complete success as a novel; there is some self-conscious social propaganda on behalf of "gays," and the ending is less convincing. But the occasional heaviness of those scenes where undercurrents would not suit the charged material that *Quintin's Man* deals with, which is, quite basically, loss and death. Frick these characters and their own love-making, whilst short on technical detail, is emotionally convincing.

Nicholas Tucker

has his sights set on MIT as research psychology. Both boy and girl have had to find ways of coping with their gifts and the oddity. Natalie has withdrawn her peer group into a too adult of music and teaching; the work, earnest and ambitious is all. One has established an unsatisfactory relationship with two boys that exists only on a jump voice level. With Natalie he talks unselfishly about his and about Thorn, the Gondolier country he escapes to; and he delights her with his puns and all.

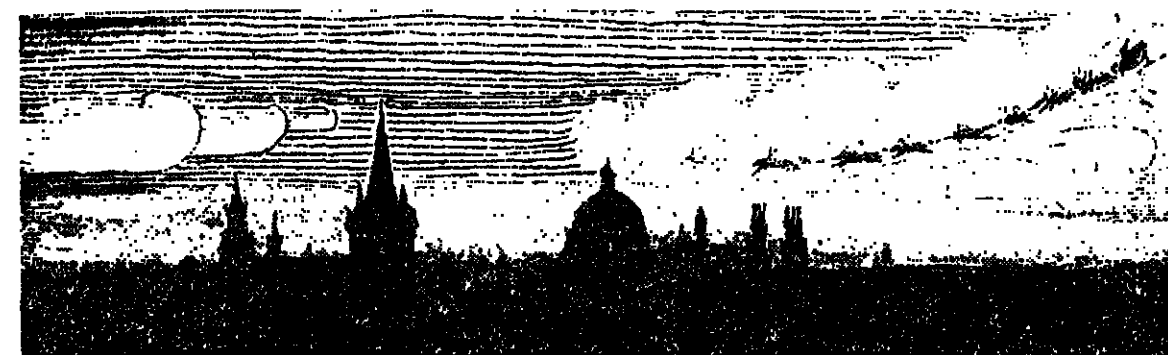
These are recognizable teenagers; Owen's voice, as he describes his reactions and his feelings, is a familiar and compelling one. But this is, nevertheless, a novella. A long short story perhaps: whatever the description, the words have a slighting tone. This is a slight work. Beautifully and intelligently written with a sensitivity, it still remains a very small slice of life.

Ursula Le Guin is concerned with making ordinary thought processes and emotions interesting, and Richard Parker concentrates solely on abnormal mental activities. His title, *In and Out the Window*, while dubious grammatically, exactly conveys the double vision quality of his hero's troubled mind. At first the world seems normal enough: a boy picks up a girl hitchhiking to a pop festival and they hole up in an empty garage for the night; but he cannot remember his name and he calls the girl Jo, although that's not her name at all. Then a window into his mind opens to reveal his secret, teasingly disguised. In one dreamlike sequence the boy visits the studio of a British painter called Charlie Barclay and "removes" a sketch of a young woman he knew but cannot place; in reality he has been into a grocer's shop, stared at a bottle of lemon barley and picked up an advertising photograph of a pretty girl. The clues to what caused the mental confusion are all in the "window" sequence and readers will enjoy looking back after the jigsaw finally falls into place. The boy's real father, the painter, had sent him a letter telling him that he was wanted, that he is adopted, that the shock of this information combined with his anxiety about the quality of his relationship with Jo, the girl he loved, thought of as an adored sister, had blanked out part of his mind and opened up a new, neurotically trusted area.

Highly implausible, sloppily constructed and undisciplined, *In and Out the Window* retains the ability to hold and intrigue which sets it above the run-of-the-mill teenage tailored tale.

Anne Carter

Sarah Hays



Fathers' fantasies

J. R. R. TOLKIEN:

The Father Christmas Letters
Edited by Baillie Tolkien
Allen and Unwin. £2.50.
(04 823130 4)

I opened this book with some apprehension. Greatly as I admire and like *The Lord of the Rings*, that profound romance of adolescence, it has a vein of archness and facetiousness in domestic scenes that is a little embarrassing; and other imaginative works of Tolkien have similar flaws. There was no cause to fear. The letters are delightfully fresh and original, written very unaffectedly and directly to young children, surely with no thought for publication. They must have been great fun to receive in the Tolkien household.

The letters were written in a gravely shaky hand by Father Christmas himself, who was 1,920 years old, after all, when the first letter was written. Only a short specimen of the script is given, but many charmingly gaudy water

colours which accompanied the letters are well reproduced, illustrating Father Christmas's house at the North Pole and the increasing number of his companions. The humour is light, unforced, knock-about comedy. Father Christmas usually reports the struggle and the rush to get his presents ready in time, and is chiefly helped and hindered, by eager Polar Bear, Polar Bear is always getting into difficulties. The first recorded adventure is in 1925 when he climbs the North Pole to reclaim Father Christmas's hood, which the wind has blown off and deposited at the top. The North Pole mumps. Polar Bear falls on to the roof of Father Christmas's house and crashes through, so that he breaks his leg; the snow comes in, puts out the fires, and spoils the presents. Or later, Polar Bear falls asleep in the bath and causes a flood, with similar results. But all is well in the end.

The letters come from the pre-pubertal world of *The Lord of the Rings*, though without seeking to evoke its power. There are no women in Father Christmas's mid-age, but Father Christmas, a proto-

Gandalf, is an lonely. Apart from Polar Bear he is joined by Polar Bear's nephews, Valentin and Paksu, and an elf called Ilbereth, who writes a large part of some of the letters in later years—names which have authentic deeper echoes. In the letters of the 1930s are also invoked, though lightly and remotely, the deep anxiety, the menace of attack, and that sense of beleaguered heroism, which are part of the power of *The Lord of the Rings*. Father Christmas is attacked by Goblins and has to summon the Red and Green Elves who destroy the Goblins in bloody battles. The last letter, not dated but presumably written in 1939 or 1940, referring to "this horrible war" gives a very brief account of the great battle, and all is well "for the present".

There is nothing to disturb a child and much to amuse him, but just as no one who was more or less grown-up during the war years can surely read *The Lord of the Rings* years old, after all, when the first letter was written. Only a short specimen of the script is given, but many charmingly gaudy water

Derek Brewer



The illustrations on this page are from *The Father Christmas Letters*.

Wits of the Wild West

ALAN COREN:

Buffalo Arthur (903895 75 7)
Arthur the Kid (903895 76 5)
The Lone Arthur (903895 74 9)
Illustrated by John Astrop
Robson. £1.50 each.

SID FLEISCHMAN:

Here Comes McBroom!
Illustrated by Quentin Blake
Chatto and Windus. £2.35.
(7011 5090 4)

NILS-OLOF FRANZEN:

Agaton Sax and the Big Rig
Illustrated by Quentin Blake
Deutsch. £1.95. (235 86734 0)

Buffalo Arthur, *Arthur the Kid* and *The Lone Arthur* are the first titles in a new series by Alan Coren which are written to exactly the same formula: three cowboys (in the case of *Arthur the Kid* three crooks) get into difficulties and adventures in a cowboy world. The advertisement is answered each time by seven-year-old Arthur, who poses as Buffalo Bill or Billy the Kid or The Lone Ranger. He sorts out the problem, which is always some kind of robbery, by the use of his cowboy skills. The three are read by Alan Coren, who is a natural, with a real wit and some skill; there are some good descriptive passages of Wild West scenery, and some

clever and amusing dialogue. Many children, of course, like and need the "series" book in which plot is predictable and the central character is known and safe, but the author continues with the idea one hopes that the stories will contain a few more twists and surprises. There are certainly a very large number of other western "heroes" which Arthur could—and probably will—improvise. Probably the best of the three so far published is *The Lone Arthur* in which the cowboys, sick of driving cattle across Texas, set up a highly successful sea-food restaurant in California and have all their savings stolen by pirates. One of the cowboys, Luke P. Lasarus, illiterate but a superb cook, is perhaps the most entertaining character of any in all three stories.

Children may find more difficulty with *Here Comes McBroom!* Sid Fleischman, the author of a very shaggy dog nature collection, *McBroom's Wonderful One-Acre Farm*. The problem is the American vocabulary, very much of the "McBroom" variety, which may seem too foreign to some English readers, though the tall story humour is universal. "McBroom the Rainmaker", the second tale, has a neat topicality, being concerned with a drought so severe that a cow will only give powdered milk and even she lacks of moisture. McBroom's answer is to grow onions so gaudy that the cows produced in the eyes of mosquitoes near by are sufficient to water the soil. Water Boards, please take note. The book contains some splendid illustrations

by Quentin Blake, but at £2.35 for sixty-four pages, it is too expensive. *Agaton Sax and the Big Rig* by Nils-Olof Franzen—also illustrated by the prolific Quentin Blake and only £1.95 for 127 pages—is the third story in the series about the Swedish detective, Agaton Sax. The plot, which is fiendishly complicated, is concerned with an attempt by a gang of international crooks to divert supplies of North Sea oil for their own private pet by tapping the pipeline. The atmosphere of the book is much that of the modern detective story; it does not take itself very seriously (it appears, in fact, often to be laughing at the genre) and electronic gadgetry of a rather exotic nature takes the place of both Sherlock Holmes' magnifying glass and his magnifying glass. The reader slightly occasionally with regret that the difficulties that beset Hercule Poirot and Miss Marple do not seem to exist any longer. There are some entertaining moments, however; the first chapter plays nicely with the idea of actually capitalizing on the inefficiency of a railway system: "Who be a slave of the clock? Board the 'Snail-Express' and forget about time and time-tables. Go where you like and arrive when you get there. Broom is beautiful. Give yourself time to see it!"

The other four books reviewed here, *Agaton Sax and the Big Rig*, is light entertainment, nothing more, but none the worse for that; children's books do not all have to be profound and sensitive works of art; variety in the title is just as necessary for the child reader as for the adult reviewer.

David Rees

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Never in a month of Sundays could Jinnie have thought of anything as special as living in a shop. She could have "Tiger Tim's Weekly" again, and sweets every day. They'd be rich and posh. But things don't turn out like that, and when the family moves into Stratford Street there are a number of alarming experiences in store for the unwary Jinnie. £2.95

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Books for children and young people

Oxford University Press

Dent

Mystery is the message

TANITH LEE:
The Winter Players
Macmillan. £2.95. (333 19840 9)

G. JEFFERY:
Belincoed
Rex Collings. £4.25. (860 36 0059)

The priestess, Oaive, has three sacred hereditary objects, one of which is stolen. She follows the thief, who seems to be more magic than she, and finds that when she is least able to continue, the thief's voice comes to her, encouraging and frightening. At the end of her journey, she discovers that he is controlled by a machine, more powerful creature, but she knows that she must defeat him if the ritual is to continue.

It is very tempting when faced with a story like this, to make instant comparisons with other writers about magic and fantasy. But Tanith Lee has taken the formula and compressed it so that the unnecessary adjectives and pompous language which are so often found in sub-Tolkien and sub-La Guin are absent. Instead, this is a very short, compact piece of writing, constructed with great care and delicacy, leading the reader into a fantasy of his own making, giving a prod to the imaginative process.

So many fantasies might just as well be adventure stories but for their setting. This is of a different order, there is a fabulous quality about it, which makes the reader's ability to make the reader understand that this is not just an

entertainment, it is to be taken seriously. And at no time does Oaive fail to take herself seriously. She is very young, lacking the experience which, in an older woman, might have led her to ask too many questions of herself and thereby waste time. Instead, she follows the thief blindly, exercising her magical powers only when necessary, or when forced to dig deep into her mind for powers she did not know she had.

There is a moral to the tale, though not an obvious one, and it is part of the story rather than a contrivance or didactic writing. Ritual and faith are justified in themselves. By long use and logical development, gods grow from the belief we accord them. Possibly the author didn't quite mean that, but it is there all the same, and leaves the reader feeling that self-discipline is a necessary quest, no matter what we find.

Whether *Erinord* is a fantasy or not is irrelevant. It is really a basic adventure story, a heroic quest, and might just as well have been set in medieval Europe or on some distant planet. There are altogether too many books of fantasy, and the addition of maps on the endpapers only serves to emphasize the kind of book this is supposed to be. There is no logic to the proper names used, some of which resemble those of Tolkien and a few of which might have come from Old Norse or medieval France.

Having said that, the story itself is perfectly acceptable, and judging from the last paragraph is to be followed by at least one more book. It is, perhaps, a little unfair

to judge the book entirely by itself, though it is inevitable, for the minor comparisons with Tolkien thrust themselves out from every corner.

The hero, Erinord, is on a quest from his father's kingdom to recover a stolen orb. He is accompanied on his quest by Quince, whose behaviour has more than a touch of Sam Gamgee. There are differences of course, but their adventures and occasional separations only serve to emphasize the technical resemblance.

Throughout the quest, Erinord and Quince are harassed by the Lord of the Shadows, and here is another technical fault. There are insufficient reasons for believing the Lord of the Shadows to be as powerful enough to stop Erinord, although he has all the ingredients to recover the Orb, his mismanagement of the pursuit qualifies for instant dismissal from the ranks of the wicked.

The basic story is perfectly good, marred by the points already noted and by contrivances which seem to have been inserted to explain a subsequent difficulty. The idea of Erinord being enchanted so easily, right at the beginning of his quest, seems unnecessary, and a real hero would not need to be trained as a mercenary soldier in order to acquire the skills of battle. Even a younger king's son would be able to look after himself. The whole thing is just not original enough, though as an adventure it is acceptable, and will probably be enjoyed by those who are "into" fantasy on this rather-below-the-best level.

Brian Hall

World weary

ANDRE NORTON:
No Night Without Stars
Gollancz. £3.20. (575 02192 6)
Knave of Dreams
Kestrel. £2.95. (7226 5234 8)

DAVID STEVENS:
Sunset and Morning Star
Abelard-Schuman. £2.95.
(200 724487)

Take three plots. In one, years after a global disaster, small communities of survivors live in medieval lives. Somewhere the remnants of the world's knowledge lie buried, and two youngsters set out to find them. In the second, an ordinary American has his mind transferred to the body of a prince in another world (which is recovering from a global disaster). He tries to find his way back, but is enmeshed in a Ruritanian power-struggle (anything new so far?). In the third, however, the world contains plants that seed and weed themselves, and pick their own fruit, and which can be moulded into houses by house surgeons; rank is gauged by fancies, and so power seekers go to private crammers; and revolution is hampered by the thinnest (and therefore poorest) having minds as weak as their bodies. Now, if the first virtue of science-fiction is freshness, most would agree that the third of these, a first novel by David Stevens, leaving aside the first two, which are the latest of a long line of books from Andre Norton.

The reasons why this would not, unfortunately, be the best decision lie, one suspects, in the approaches of the authors and publishers concerned.

In *No Night Without Stars*, Andre Norton does a professional job on well-worn material. The visions of whole cities washed away by waves, of submarines rusting in salt deserts, and of the homicidal megalomaniac computer which is all that is left of technological man, are vivid and pointed. And Miss Norton moves the action smoothly from the landscape and weather search for the secrets of metal-working, and Panyl the Shaman for more mystic knowledge. What is less satisfactory is the desultory attitude to detail. Fantasy—and perhaps especially fantasy for children—needs a solid basis of consistency to sustain credibility. Thus when Sanders durt-throws casually becomes a bolt-thrower for a few

Laura Cecil

chapters, it is just as distracting as finding the computer guarded by a mechanical monster straight out of Jules Verne—and about as unlikely to convince a modern child. Similarly the curious "fustery" of the dialogue tends to spill over into the narrative prose.

The same criticisms apply to *Knave of Dreams*. Here Miss Norton is trying something more mystic and ambitious, and again it is the decorative fertility which keeps the book afloat. For there is still a disconcerting mixture of language. Ramsey Kimble, transported to the multi-coloured castle of Lom, reflects that "somewhere in this pile must lie the lab". Equally, the political machinations of the "alternate" world in which Kimble finds himself are virtually unreadable, as at the root of the book is the feeling that Miss Norton has cheated. We might not expect to know how a mind-transfer works, but we might hope to know why it was done—or at least to be convinced that the author knows. But despite this, the book works: its great strength is its confidence and certainty, and it is just the lack of this which weakens David Stevens's far more original *Sunset and Morning Star*.

If *Knave of Dreams* is a comic *Prisoner of Zenda*, *Sunset and Morning Star* suggests an author who cannot decide whether to be a science-fiction or a George Orwell. The first part of the book is full of erratic gusto and showed ideas, swinging between pantomime comedy and mordant wit. But when the darker political implications of a world where the "rule" is "the thin" come closer to the surface, the book wavers disastrously. It is as if it has been filled (or savagely edited), leaving characters unexploited, fragments of horror standing unsupported, continuity something garbled, and even the title high and dry. Given the confidence to carry it through, it might have been a considerable black comedy. Instead of an interesting miss. As with many first novels, the problem is, how much can a child's book sustain? Therefore one feels that whereas Andre Norton lapses into "standard children's book language" through casualness, David Stevens does so because that is what is expected—and in his case it sits rather uncomfortably beside his irony and insight. If his book doesn't come off, he at least deserves credit for trying a more difficult trick than Miss Norton.

Peter Hunt

Forty years on

ANTONIA FOREST:
The Attic Term
Faber. £3.25. (571 10970 5)

All the odds seem to be stacked against Antonia Forest. In the 1970s, with Angela Brazil a dim nostalgic memory, she chooses to write about a girls' boarding school of the most traditional and rule-infested kind, one populated with girls with names like Thalia, Miranda and Berenice—not a Shirley or Marlene in sight—who sound as if they have escaped from an Arthur Marshall parody. They break the rules; inevitably they are caught, scolded and sent to the chapel. The social awareness is slight. They are comforted, even if not in that dramatic fashion, by the younger Marlowes, last of six sisters and consequently destined to go on wearing handkerchiefs to the end of their days, wear their faded and outmoded school uniforms like an honourable livery.

Could anything be less relevant to either the interests or the needs of today's young? Yet Miss Forest, following the fortunes of an invented family who must surely be more real to her than those whom she meets every day, demonstrates once again in *The Attic Term*—that what makes a good novel is not so much the framework as the foundations.

Her stories are founded on the bedrock of human understanding. Watching her people—one does not think of them as "characters"—hammering out their philosophies painfully on the anvil of experience, the reader becomes most strangely involved with them, caring greatly that Nicola should play a good game against Milborne

Grammar and that Patrick should pass his "O" levels.

Only in the most superficial sense are these school stories. (Indeed Miss Forest is often at her best outside school, in *The Ready-Made Family*, for example, which explored a thoroughly "grown-up" problem with profound integrity.) They are stories about young people finding themselves within a community. It is part of their problem, and a relevant parallel to the harsher world outside, that in order to be true to themselves they must sometimes come into conflict with an Authority which demands not enterprise but conformity. Much of *The Attic Term* is concerned with Upper IV's efforts to put on a good show in what Tim (alias Thalia) calls "Me Auntie's holy carol service", "Me Auntie"—the Head—predictably regards their imaginative and carefully prepared contributions "not quite in tune with the occasion". There is a heartening episode when the form mistress, Miss Latimer, having delivered this criticism as in duty bound, follows it up cheerfully throwing "Me Auntie" overboard and commending the Form for a job well done.

These studies of the Marlowes are no doubt among the best in being progressive, not static. The Marlowes grow, slowly but consistently. The time-scale takes a little getting used to. When the Marlowes made their first appearance in 1948, Nicola, on her first year at school, was thirteen and had moved from IIIA to Lower Fourth. In *The Attic Term* they are fourteen and in Upper IVA, and the world outside

inventing a father who is by turn French, Jewish and Norman Miller. There isn't much of a plot; loyalty to a run-around delinquent friend, the Marlowes' own scale of values, to those worried parents; these provide conflict enough.

The book is tougher and more sophisticated than any English equivalent I know, and certainly more literate: a friendship is sealed by a Carl Sandburg misquotation and the tone throughout is urbane. There are only a few Americanisms (public school, Kotex, etc), which could well have been edited out. None of this, I hope, should prevent the book being enjoyed by literate young English readers. It's well written, it's funny, and it feels as if right that it comes as no surprise to learn from the blurb that it is based on the author's own experience.

Rosamond Faith

Dear God, please make this a strange I'm doing throat. Thirteen years old, thirty-seven page belle. Linda has over seventy and has stopped counting, but that's because she's Irish and they develop faster.

The tone is unmistakably that of the American novel for older children: knowing, determinedly cool, straining, as here, to achieve an authentic teenage voice. The theme inevitably recalls Salinger: the disastrous first week at a posh boarding school of Rachel, fierce, funny and speaking clean sent there by her and anxious parents to meet "nice girls from nice families". She's a gifted musician and an equally gifted liar.

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Kidnappers and super-cats

JOAN PHIPSON:
The Cats
Macmillan. £2.95. (333 19230 3)

Few thrillers for young readers rival their television or film equivalents in their narrative pace and imagination. In *The Cats* by Joan Phipson, Superfidelity the plot has much in common with a typical teen-age movie. Two Australian teenage boys are kidnapped by a couple of delinquents, and imprisoned in a ruined house in the remote bush. The kidnappers' plans misfire and events reach a macabre climax when they are hunted by

a pack of super-cats, which have grown to three times the size of their domestic cousins after running wild for several generations. In this conflict the kidnappers have to depend on their victims to rescue them.

In the hands of a less skilful writer this material could be crudely sensational; but Joan Phipson avoids cliché and with one exception, implausibility. It is perhaps surprising at the end that neither police nor doctors are curious about the severe injuries sustained from the cats by the main characters, though animals like these are unknown in the area. Here she sacrifices reality to plot.

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The Andersen Press
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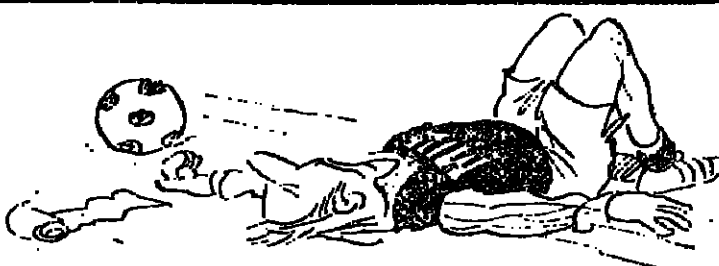
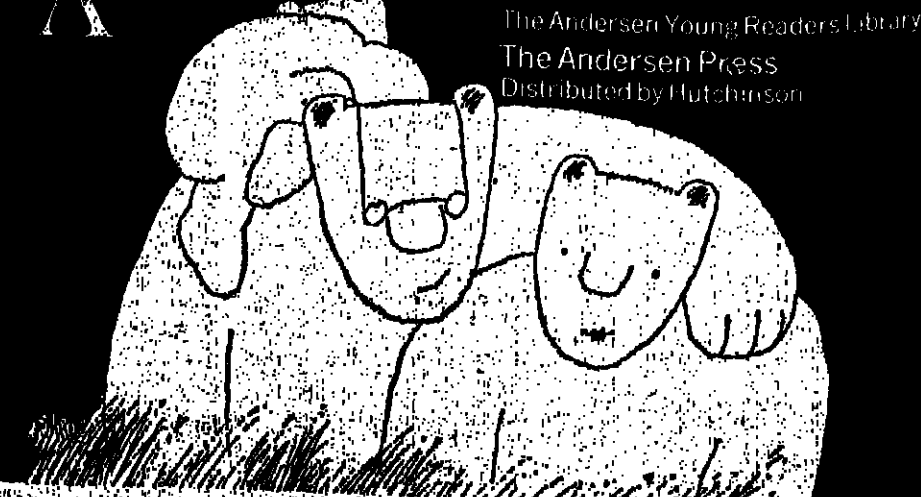
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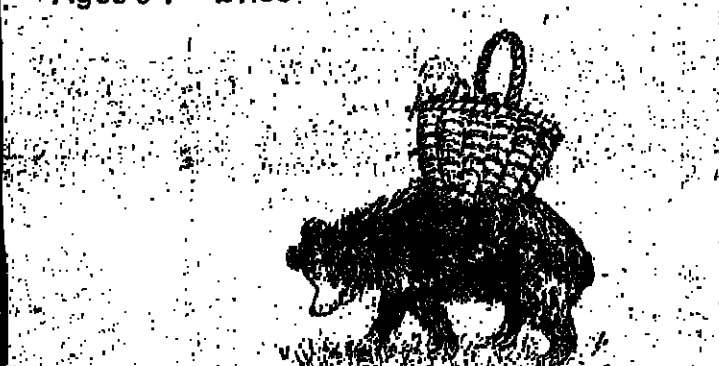
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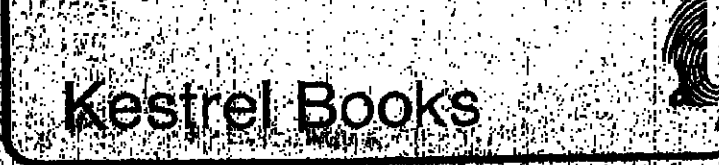
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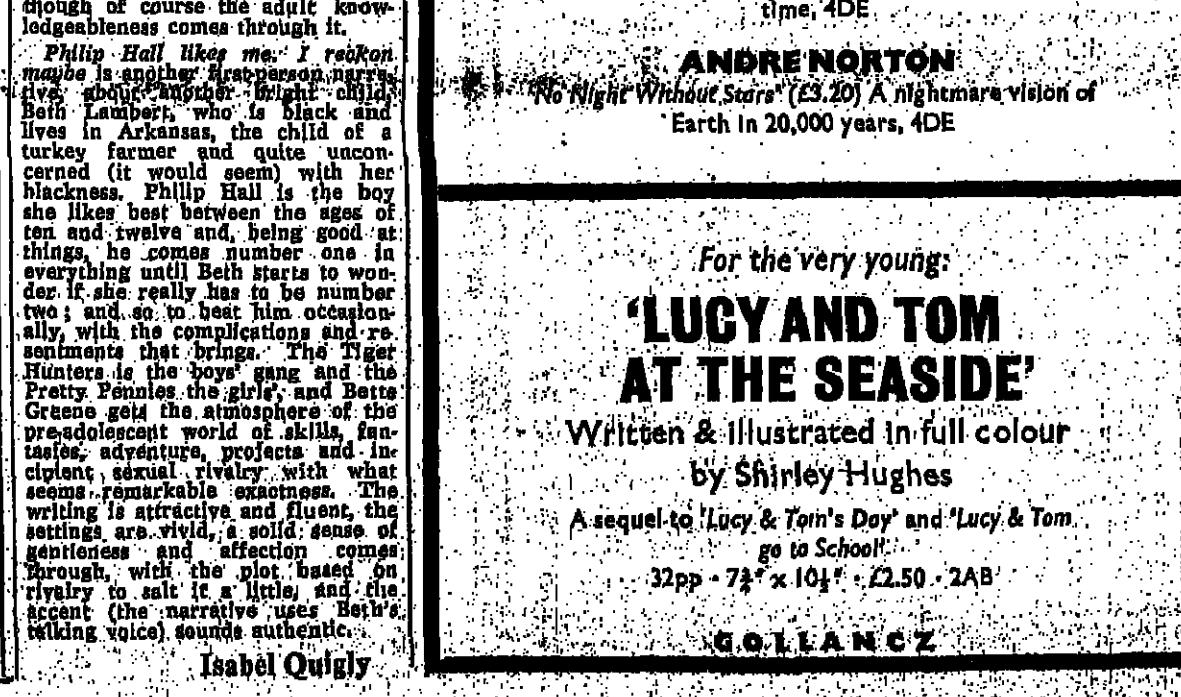
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Happy families

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(460 06676 5)
Illustrated by Ken Kirkland

The Lawrences
(460 06677 3)
Illustrated by Andrew Farmer
Families in History
Dent. £2.50 each.

The shift of interest from political to social history continues to take itself felt at a variety of levels, and emphasis increasingly falls on the way most people actually lived rather than on what was done by an exceptional few. A new series, *Families in History*, is intended to depict just this. The first two volumes, *The Shakespeares* and *The Lawrences*, both by Nathaniel Harris, raise a number of questions, not least the wisdom of choosing as representative two families which, in one crucial respect, were very far from being typical. There is, however, the obvious advantage that the background of great authors has usually been extensively researched, while their presence within a family confers a special interest on it. If an author has written about his childhood, as Lawrence has done, there will be further material to draw on, yet its value is double-edged, for only too often the first-

hand account will far exceed in interest any book that sets out to paraphrase or reduplicate it. In this respect, the Shakespeares provide a much more suitable subject for this type of treatment. The adequate documentary evidence combined with a complete absence of any more personal account has inspired numerous biographers at different times, and it adapts itself easily to most forms of interpretation. Moreover from this distance they really do look like a typical bourgeois Elizabethan family. Mr Harris describes what is known of Shakespeare's parents, siblings and education efficiently, though occasionally his modern analogies grate a little, and he omits to explain what a "whittawer" was. The drawings are unattractive but functional, and the book would provide a useful introduction to a study of the period or of Shakespeare.

The opening chapter of *The Lawrences*, however, fills one with misgivings since it describes the famous photograph of the family in quite detail, and then quite inexplicably fails to reproduce it. Indeed the decision to illustrate this volume with drawings, often adapted from photographs, seems to have been a mistake. The camera gives a sense as nothing else can that people inhabit the same world as ourselves, for all the superficial differences made by costume and style. There is, in addition, a more

basic difficulty inherent in the subject; it is peculiarly intrusive, not because we know too little, but because we know too much. The family life are inevitably taken from Lawrence's fictional account, and yet how flat they seem in comparison with the original. Who was the "suspicious flame of a candle" for "What drew her to Arthur Lawrence? The simple obvious answer is sex appeal. Any child old enough to be interested in Lawrence is surely enough to read *Sons and Lovers*, infinitely more valuable in what tells us of his family and his sons, even though it does not contain the Elementary Education Act. It is a pity that the book is so much more interesting than the one it replaces. The *Shakespeares* is more persuasive than *The Lawrences* in proportion to its freer imagination. In spite of the current vogue for biography, truth is often not only stranger but also a good deal duller than fiction.

Julia Briggs

Locals and their legends

MICHAEL MOULDER:
The West Midlands
Faber. £2.95. (571 10281 6)

PAUL FINCHAM:
East Anglia
Faber. £2.95. (571 10344 8)

JOHN BURKE:
South East England
Faber. £2.50. (571 10455 8)

"Discovering Britain" is the title of this series, aimed at it is young discoverers who are often restless to be up and off somewhere. Before setting forth to explore, it is just as well to have some idea of what you are going to look for, and that is where these books will come in handy. They provide for the preliminary homework, and if that word should sound distasteful it must quickly be added that there is no drudgery here. The intimate, friendly style of all three writers makes for very easy reading.

Though individual in manner, the books are designed on a pattern. All begin with the landscape, the general appearance of the region and how it came to look as it does. Then its towns and villages can be visited; then the people, past and present, with their occupations, and their means of getting about. Last of all come the practical suggestions for things to do and discoveries to be made. Such hints about active participation are a sensible addition to books which set out to be something other than guide-books, since the majority of their readers will be anxious to be doing as well as looking. The writer of the West Midlands volume suggests possibilities in the close study of bridges, or of timbered

cottages, or of millstones and signposts. For the budding industrial archaeologist there is Ironbridge, or, if he should find himself in John Burke's territory, traces to be discovered of the old iron smelters and charcoal burners of the Sussex Weald. The more romantically inclined might hope to catch a glimpse of the ghost ship on Oulton Broad near Lowestoft, or stand where the ancient port of Dunwich was swallowed by the sea—but Paul Fincham warns them not to believe local tales about hearing church bells ringing under the waves on moonlit nights. The inhabitants, he explains, would have had ample time to remove all valuables, including their bells.

Railway enthusiasts, of whom there seem still to be plenty even in these diminished days for rail transport, can learn how the advance of the iron road opened up East Anglia and turned isolated little coastal places into popular seaside playgrounds. Cheap travel, too: an excursion which took villagers from the heart of Norfolk for a day by the sea at a 5p (one shilling) fare will surely strain credulity among the rising generation of today. The seaside trippers were no doubt better employed than the 6,000 who boarded another excursion train into Norwich to see a murderer hanged. And while on the subject of railways the author adds a comment surely pertinent to present times when he quotes the famous George Stephenson's remark, "You increase your income by diminishing your fares".

There are, of course, people awaiting discovery as well as places. The design of the series provides for a chapter in each volume devoted to men and women of past renown, and these chapters are sprinkled with famous names. Michael Moulder, at Kidderminster, stays for a nod towards Richard Baxter and John Basker-

ville, and to Elizabeth Barrett Browning and John Ruskin. In the West Midlands, John Burke takes Charles Darwin in Kent and Oxford in Sussex; Hakluyt and Hakluyt, Townsend and Goke have their places in the East Anglian book, and for wanderers of a literary historical bent there are some other illustrious names.

Nowadays when trips to the Continent are quite rare, regarded as an important part of education, and when cross-channel boats are constantly thronged with schoolchildren, it is still a good argument that one should take one's own country first. For young readers these three books, and their successors, could well be a stimulus to acquire just the knowledge.

R. H. H.

These two new books have a completely different approach to the child who is keen to read both the pictures and the text. *The Book of Cooking* (Kestrel, £1.20, 7226 5337 9) is rather slapdash, and the author clearly recognises that children cook according to whim and not because they are hungry. *Stuffed Things* are therefore built on Jolly Swears are therefore sandwiched between *Shipshape* and *Stuffed Things* and most of the recipes are for things that can be cooked quickly and eaten straight away.

Jan Hopcraft in *What's Cooking?* (Dent, £1.95, 460 06710 9) starts by saying that the child who is keen to read will be keen enough to cook whole meals, including chicken and bread sauce, but once she has covered the main meals of the day she reverts to a more suitable approach to the child and provides a good range of recipes which will enjoy making and eating. The index should make it easy for any child to find its way among the recipes.

The grit behind the glamour

EMMON DUNPHY:
Only a Game?
The Diary of a Professional Footballer
Edited by Peter Ball
Kestrel. £2.50. (7226 5341 0)

ALAN ROAD:
The Facts about a Football Club
Featuring Queen's Park Rangers
Photographs by Bryn Campbell
G. Whizzard/Deutsch. £1.95.
(233 96772 9)

Those who buy football books must have an extremely high tolerance for the banal. They are subjected to strings of interchangeable clichés purporting to be written by celebrated players, but, in fact, almost always "ghosted".

It is a melancholy experience to go along the bookshelves finding yet another account of "that glorious night at Old Trafford, as told to me by the unhappy end of an eighty-year stint at Millwall. I used to go there, and later to Charlton, especially to watch him—he is an enormously skilled and thoughtful midfielder player, with consummate close control, and the rare ability to put his foot on the ball and change the pace of an entire game. I also saw him being, as it seemed to me, swept off course by the clockwork mouse tendency of English football, where a player is wadded up somewhere behind the scenes and then released to run frantically for ninety minutes with-

People buy these books, of course, because they celebrate favourite clubs and sing the names of the players. Most readers are not looking for insights into the operation of professional football or the day-to-day experience of its players, though they might well regard it as a treat if Eamon Dunphy's diary of a professional footballer marks a major departure from this miserable diet, a considerable step away from the ghosted invocations of football's phantom world. It is a ruthlessly honest record of the work of a professional without recourse to plastic surgery.

But first a word about Dunphy. A player with Manchester United, York, Millwall, Charlton and, currently, Reading, he was also an Eire international. The diary was kept at the unhappy end of an eighty-year stint at Millwall. I used to go there, and later to Charlton, especially to watch him—he is an enormously skilled and thoughtful midfielder player, with consummate close control, and the rare ability to put his foot on the ball and change the pace of an entire game. I also saw him being, as it seemed to me, swept off course by the clockwork mouse tendency of English football, where a player is wadded up somewhere behind the scenes and then released to run frantically for ninety minutes with-

Only a Game? is a harshly realistic piece. Any schoolboy who reads it will be impressed not by idealistic camaraderie but by the intense insecurity and dependence of the players and by their pervasive paranoia. The manager's every gesture or as Dunphy calls it, his "crooked finger" and the summons into the Office, opens the threat of being dropped, of displacement by younger players, of losing appearance money and self-respect. Out of the team, you hope that they will lose, hastening your own recall.

Dunphy focuses not on a world of glamour but on a job, governed by standards with which "real professionals" judge each other. Despite the fact that this book will join the only other football book I would happily have on my shelf (Arthur Hopcraft's *Football Man*), it has its problems. There is something immediately appealing about a diary. One feels that it will be more "honest" because it is recorded at the time and from the inside. It is less liable to subsequent rationalization.

Yet I suspect that if most people re-read their diaries they would be unhappy to publish them because certain features that seem of great concern over a particular period do not appear seminal in retrospect. Thus Dunphy seems almost obsessed with the can "honest footballers" those with a high "work rate", the least spectacular. It is curious because his own strengths did not flow from ceaseless running, and the book is a club which is often criticized him loudly and unkindly, for not whirling round the field like a dervish. When he looks at his playing career retrospectively he will certainly emphasize more creative values.

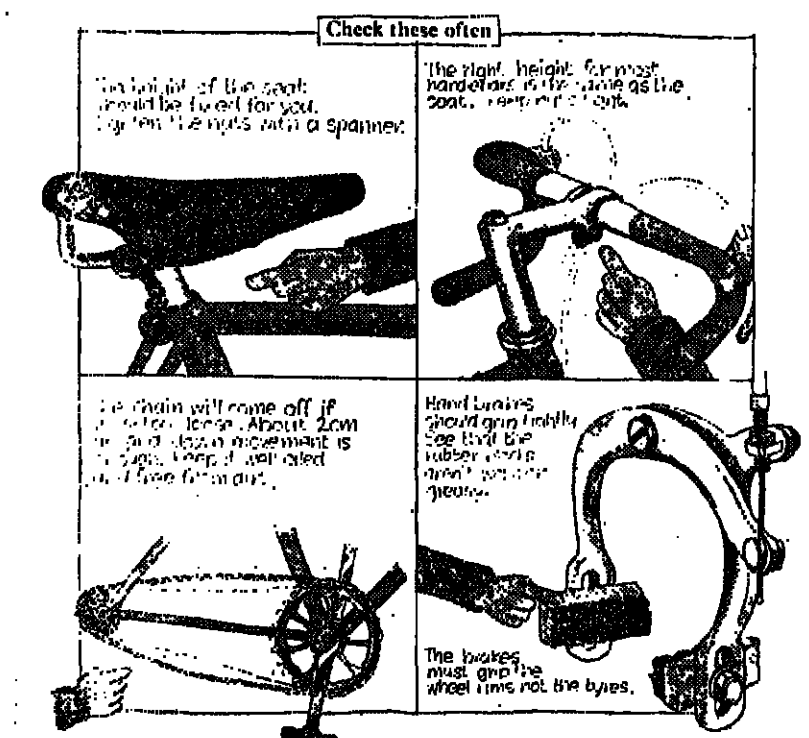
He would have been helped if Peter Ball, the editor, had taken a more inquisitive role. Issues are mentioned in passing which are of tremendous importance if we are to gain an entrée to his world. The role of directors and their cheque books, the authority structure in a club, and so on, all strike me as matters of more than passing interest and the reader often wants more detail than is given. None the less, he provides so many answers that we can perhaps wait for the others.

Another sort of "inside" story of football appears in *The Facts about a Football Club*, which claims to take the lid off Queen's Park Rangers. It does nothing of the sort and is sadly short of facts. The book's justification is that fans do not know what lies behind the ninety minutes on Saturday afternoon. They will now be no wiser since it will come as no surprise to even the least inquiring supporter that QPR have a stadium, a team, a captain, a manager, a club office, directors, a laundry lady and men who look after the grass. What is revealed is commonplace, unritualized and bland.

It is also written in that itane, self-congratulatory style that characterizes club programmes. On occasion the text appears to have been written by a writer deeply hostile to football. One young Newcastle supporter has great belly; but everyone is behaving well," suggests a theory of soccer hooliganism yet to percolate through to the specialist literature. Perhaps my cynicism reflects my own unfulfilled ambitions in football, for I am told "It is always been the fate of stars to be observed by earth-bound mortals". We are fortunate that Eamon Dunphy has managed to avoid the smoke-filled bars where football journalists discover such universal truths.

Victoria Glendinning

David Trisman



Four pictures showing how to make sure that your bicycle is safe to ride from Bicycles All about them (Kestrel, £1.20, 7226 5341 7), one of the new series of Practical Puffins.

Made for two

JANE BARNOFF and RYMOND RUFFINS:
A Great Bicycle Book
Kestrel. £2.25 (7226 50353)

DEREK ROBERTS:
The Invention of Bicycles and Motorcycles
Usborne. £1.50. (860 20 0132)

A Great Bicycle Book by Jane Barnoff and Raymond Ruffins teaches children aged eight and over to maintain and repair a bicycle. One is not surprised to learn that the authors both have connections with advertising; the material is presented in jokey fashion with some of it printed upside down or sideways on, the illustrations are in

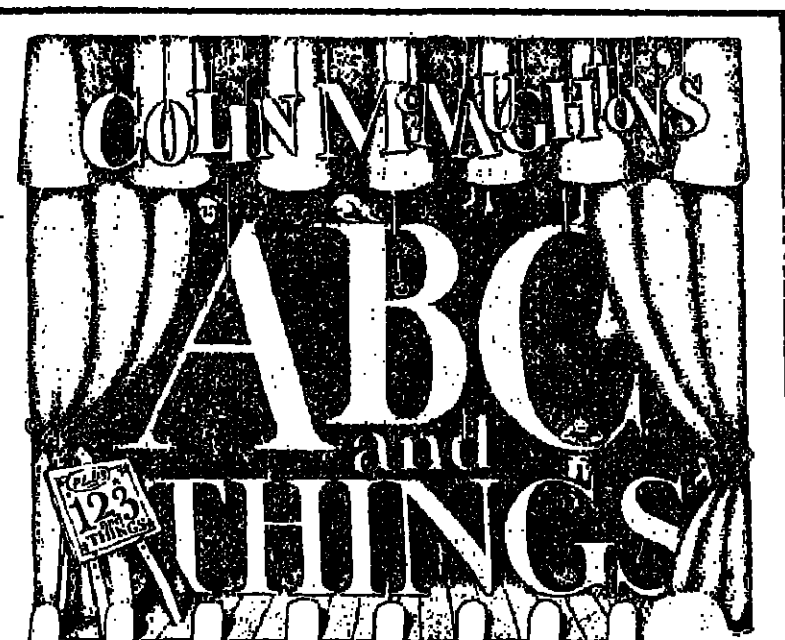
lush ice-cream colours and the text embellished with Odéon anubist decorations. The information underneath it all is sound, and the diagrams of parts large and clear. The book claims to cancel three out of five possible trips to the bicycle repair shop; and one of its best bits of advice is to buy the bike from a proper bicycle shop in the first place, and not in a department store where, if anything does go wrong afterwards, no one will be very interested.

The Invention of Bicycles and Motorcycles by Derek Roberts is a more sober affair. It covers the subject from the first bicycles at the end of the eighteenth century (no pedals—you pushed along the ground on your feet) to the fashionable, mud-spattered, 1960s Tricyles too are included; they were much used, it appears, by doctors for night-calls in the 1890s, to save the time taken harnessing ponies to trams. Mr Roberts then moves on to motorcycles. The first of these were driven by steam; and the historical survey ends with a coloured double spread of a Yamaha 700cc racer. There are illustrations on every page, with good use made of old posters, photographs and cartoons, and an undemanding but uncondescending text. Very good value at the price, for the child with a technical interest.

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Every shepherd tells a story

AGNES SZUDEK:
The Amber Mountain
Illustrated by Jan Pienkowski
Hutchinson. £2.95. (09 125970 3)

RUTH RATCLIFF:
Scottish Folk Tales
Muller. £2.75. (584 63293 3)

WINIFRED FINLAY:
Tattercoats
Illustrated by Shirley Hughes
Koye and Ward. £2.50. (7 182 1135 9)

Folklore is frequently the only tangible legacy of a culture now gone or at least so changed as to be scarcely recognisable for what it was. Even this might well not have survived were it not for the efforts of nineteenth-century collectors and antiquarians. Though as adults we are considered, most of us, to have moved out of the realm of fairy, our debt to those people is considerable. For our children, that "debt" is owed to their successors—those writers who continue the story-telling tradition (albeit in print)—through the numerous collections and retellings of folktales that continue to appear over the years. Not all reach the same high standard as the best of these: not all are in any sense an improvement on the original versions. But collectively they have the power of making the stories more accessible to children who, seen through the increasing definition of categories, are now considered their only audience.

Among such collections there are some particularly distinguished either by virtue of the storyteller's gift for language or by the unfamiliar nature of their contents. *The Amber Mountain*, by Agnes Szudek, is among the latter. Her stories come from the old commonwealth of Poland—Lithuania, Tatras, Mavonia, Silesia, Pomerania—which for centuries united the peoples of central and eastern Europe. The fertile imagination of the peasants peopled these lands of high mountains, impenetrable forests, vast plains and unfathomable lakes with a race other than their own. There are familiar themes and figures relating the stories to the wider folk culture of which they are a part, but even the well-known is seen in an unusual light—as in the story of Baba Yaga and her dumplings—and there is much that is refreshingly different. There is a delightfully capricious quality to these tales, where even the world of magic does not always conform to its own laws, with the result that the "expected", even judging by its own somewhat peculiar lights, does not always turn out to be so. We feel the rough humour as well as the often harsh reality of peasant life: above all we sense the overpowering landscape which dominated it, and is best personified, perhaps, in the story of Marjona and Uroda, rival witches of lake and forest. Jan Pienkowski's illustrations are stylish as ever, yet there are times when something a little less elegant, less polished, would better suit the nature of the material.

Scottish Folk Tales by Ruth Ratcliff contains much that is familiar and rather better told in recent col-

lections from the same region. The first half of her book with its fascinating histories of The Knight of the Glens and Bens and Pesses, The Son of the Knight of the Green Vesture, and an unusual tale featuring Thomas the Rhymer among others, lives up to her claim that this is a land rich in its folklore. The latter half is little more than a collation of source material, much of it central to the known, and more concerned with the illustration of various folk motifs than the construction of a satisfying narrative for children. The two halves of the book seem at odds, and the collection overall loses by this. As for the illustrations: their empty banality does nothing for the stories and their technical skill seldom rises above bare competence.

If this seems harsh, let me say immediately that Shirley Hughes's drawings for *Tattercoats* leave nothing to be desired in the way of jolly peasants, bouncing babies and plump-cheeked geese. That this renouveau-cosy picture seems often to belie what the stories themselves imply is I think a valid comment. There is warmth and humour in plenty in the tales, but the colder reality from which such stories and imaginings were often the only escape for the poor, form an important element in Winifred Finlay's retellings that is totally lacking in the rosy romanticism of the illustrations meant to complement them. Many of the stories themselves are set in a geographical area as the previous book but with the addition of tales from the northern borders of England and in the case of "Tattercoats" from which the book takes its title, reaching down to Lancashire to include this intriguing variant of the Cinderella theme.

There is some overlap in the content of these last two books, and it is by a comparison between these stories in particular that one can best appreciate the qualities that make a skilful teller of tales something other than a good collector, however devoted to the material. Winifred Finlay's stories cover a wide span of time. Some, like "The Bird with the Gift of Fire", seem ageless in their antiquity; "Columba and the Waterhorse" come from a shadowy period where the old world encountered the new; "King Arthur and the Shepherd Laddie", though told in a later age still, harks back to the medieval world of legend. The author relates them all with an authentic story-teller's voice, never for a moment allowing us to lose sight of the land and people for whom they were as much a part of their daily life as the television fantasies of our own, and to whose varied mind and life style they stand as more than memory.

Judith Vidal Hall

Eileen Colwell has made a new collection of twenty-nine stories and poems which are particularly suitable for reading aloud. *The Magic Umbrella and Other Stories for Telling* (Bodley Head, £2.95; 37011020 X), includes stories by Andrew Lang, Walter de la Mare, Ian Serravalle and Charles Dickens. But the book is more than a mere collection of extracts, for Miss Colwell also provides information about the time it takes to tell each story and its most suitable audience; she concludes with detailed notes on how to tell the stories with most effect. The book is well illustrated by Shirley Felis.

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The bounds of the Constitution

By Max Beloff

A SONATA

Sung by a Number of young Girls, dressed in white and decked with Wreaths and Claspets of Flowers, including *Books of Flowers* in their Hands, as General Washington passed under the Triumphant Arch raised on the Bridge at Trenton, April 21, 1789.

WELCOME, mighty Chief, come more.

With one in this grand show.

Now we are ready to

Answer to the call of the

And at that the fact then.

Virginia, and Marston girls

Thank thy conquering Arm and Dove,

Build for thee triumphal towers,

Shew, ye fair, his Way with Flowers,

Shew, ye fair, his Way with Flowers,

The General being received with a Cry of the People, was placed to address the following in the Ladies.

To the Ladies of Trenton, who were assembled on the twenty-first Day of April 1789, at the Triumphant Arch erected by them on the Bridge, which extends across the Atlantic Creek.

CENTRAL WASHINGTON, General, the first without exception, has acknowledged to the American and Young Ladies, placed him in a most grateful manner at the Triumphant Arch in Trenton for the night. 8. Marston girls, and the fact then. The following young ladies, by their names and as the situation in the City, showed the same with which it was adorned for the publick use, the same as the appearance of the *Books of Flowers*, who were with the general: *Books of Flowers* made such an impression on his Excellency, as he uttered this, will never be forgot.

Trenton, April 21, 1789.

Eleven states had ratified the American Constitution by April 1789 when George Washington was welcomed into Trenton, New Jersey, by a "Number of young Girls". This memorial of "that affecting Moment" is included in *A Rising People* (292pp, Neale Watson, \$12; paperback, \$7.50), published in conjunction with the exhibition in Philadelphia (open until the end of November) mounted jointly by the American Philosophical Society, the Historical Society of Pennsylvania and the Library Company of Philadelphia.

of slavery and hence of racialism—and by his own doubts as to some of the ways in which contemporaries have sought to put the matter right. He is wary of the American tradition of civil disobedience which he traces to Thoreau, which inspired the resisters to the Vietnam War and has not been absent from the civil rights movement.

Once dissenting minorities abandon the rule of law which governs their own pursuit of majority status, which they employ direct action whether violent or not, violent to gain their ends, they make the same mistake that both the abolitionists and partisans of slavery very extension made in 1861. Once men think they are no less entitled to win an election than to participate in it, or refuse to participate except on assurance that they will win, then the crisis of the Civil War, in greater or less degree, is with us again.

Again, the transition from demanding the equal rights for all that the fourteenth amendment prescribes to demanding preferential treatment for this or that group on the basis of compensating for past injustices is, as Professor Jaffa sees it, extremely dangerous. Nor is this only a matter of "affirmative action" in respect of racial or sexual equality. Professor Jaffa is equally alert to the implied critique of constitutional government itself—certainly as practised in the United States—in the decisions of the courts about redistricting. It could lead all the way to that wholly unchecked dependence upon plebiscitary democracy with no checks and balances that was the object of the founding fathers to avoid. What has been happening, Professor Jaffa would have us believe, is a substitution by the Supreme Court, at the behest of groups holding unexplored notions of equality conceived of in subjective terms, of its own views of what needs to be done for the line of reasoning inherent in the constitutional traditions of the country. And this, in turn, has been made possible by the retreat of political and legal philosophy in face of the so-called value-free approach of the

the political process. And this in turn brings us back to the Constitution. What is not clear is the extent to which the Constitution has in fact dictated the run of decisions which have on the whole favoured the "separatist" rather than the "accommodationist" position. It is the fact that popular sentiment has on the whole been less "separatist" than the law; "separatism" can pass too easily into anti-religious (and, of course, especially though not exclusively anti-Catholic) feeling. On the other side the plaintiffs in such cases are quite likely to be subject to personal attacks as being "godless", "communist", etc. It is perhaps not surprising that not all sections of American Jewry have supported the American Jewish Congress in taking so active a role in dealing with what is after all largely a matter internal to the much larger Christian majority of the nation. On the other hand it cannot be denied that "separatism" is enjoined by the Constitution at least to the extent that the federal government cannot legislate to favour a particular religion or discriminate against its rivals. What is more surprising is that the courts hold that this prohibition extends to the states as well as the Union. The historian is bound to ask on what grounds. Not only is the Constitution silent on the matter, but it is silent for very good reason, since in 1787 established churches still existed in a number of states. Disestablishment did not come to Connecticut till 1818, to New Hampshire till 1819 and to Massachusetts till 1833. Yet so deeply entrenched is the idea of the wall of separation that Professor Sanford himself never alludes to this fact; nor can the fourteenth amendment easily be made to extend to religion.

It is not only that the stuff of political and ideological conflict has been so similar in the history of Britain and America since their separation, but that the very differences in their handling of the issues are illuminating in both ways. With so much talk of the need in Britain for a "written constitution" or a "bill of rights", it would not seem inappropriate to devote some attention to what actually happened where such things have long existed. Furthermore at a time when the sovereignty of Parliament has been encroached upon by entry into the European Economic Community and when devolution, perhaps amounting to the abolition of the House of Lords, is in the air, some attention to the most successful of federations would also seem in order.

Three conclusions would seem to emerge from such studies. The first is the much greater seriousness and thoroughness with which the generation of the founding fathers approached their task as compared with our own unwillingness to subject these matters to long and proper scrutiny. Not only was the making of the Constitution preceded and accompanied by much discussion including discussion of its principles involved but the submission of the Constitution to the people by way of ratifying conventions in each state produced a much more general understanding of what was involved than the British referendum campaign over Europe's embroiled upon out of mere party calculation. The Americans demonstrated a much greater respect for the capacities of the individual elector than we show in the current notion that Scotland and Wales might be given assemblies through an ordinary parliamentary bill, to be forced through if necessary by the use of the guillotine. It is not that British has not got a constitution, it is rather that modern British statesmen and more particularly members of the present government have no idea of what is meant by a constitution.

The two handsome volumes edited by Merrill Jensen are the first of fifteen that will make up *The Documentary History of the Ratification of the Constitution* and are a salutary reminder of the importance of the ratifying process in America's early political education. The debates in the conventions of which the *Pennsylvania* is the first to appear in this series have only been available in an early independent-edition version. They illustrate yet again the extent

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This book starts with the Mafia in Sicily and traces the involvement of Italians in crime in America from the 1880's until the Second World War. The first general, thoroughly researched book on this subject, it shows how crime syndicates developed out of the Italian slums in New York early in this century. Illustrated £8 7 October

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HARVESTER PRESS

Criminal proceedings

By T. J. Binyon

OLIVER BLEECK:
No Questions Asked
228pp. Hamish Hamilton. £3.50.

If your copy of Pliny's *Historia Naturalis*, printed in Venice on vellum by Johannes de Spira, has been stolen, and is being ransomed for a quarter of a million dollars, you naturally turn to Philip St. Yves, professional go-between, to handle the negotiations. Especially if you've seen St. Yves, the film made from the earlier Oliver Bleck novel and know that Charles Bronson will really be handling the deal. And your hunch is likely to be right: the book and St. Yves, both rather better, are likely to turn up after a complicated and violent sequence of events. *No Questions Asked* is well-written, neat and effective; the gigantic shadow of Chandler looms over it, but the influence, noticeable especially in the dialogue, is all to the good. Oliver Bleck is the pseudonym of Ross Thomas, who also writes thrillers; he ought to give Oliver a turn at the typewriter more often, as he does this kind of thing very well.

KYRIL BONFIGLIOLI:
Something Nasty in the Woodshed
190pp. Macmillan. £2.95.

The Hon Charlie Mortdecai, the disreputable hero of Kyril Bonfiglioli's first novel, is now living in Jersey on his rich and beautiful American wife, Johanna. Here he becomes unwillingly involved in the search for a rapist who dresses in a mail-studded moustache and hides his face, obviously modelling himself on Charlie, on the so-called "Beast of Jersey" who terrorized the island some years ago. A bon vivant who fancies himself as a rascally, charming, and slightly mischievous, Mortdecai is now establishing himself as a witty, well-read Englishman whose favourite author is Wodehouse to pay much attention to the plot, but his digressions are always amusing and if the mystery solves itself, at least he is in at the kill.

MAX CATTO:
Mister Midas
236pp. Michael Joseph. £4.50.

Archibald Lambert, a limping American lawyer with a shady practice on the French Riviera, becomes unwillingly involved with a crowd of grotesques searching for a red leather case given by Goering to his favourite counterfeiter, a case now supposed to contain 5,000 false 5,000-dollar bills. Stories about currency forged by the Nazis seem to be common nowadays, but this has a new twist: it shunts with enjoyable speed backwards and forwards along the Côte d'Azur, causing frequent collisions between a number of larger-than-life characters. Darling, the rapacious nymphomaniac in the horn-rimmed glasses, who nearly manages to do her piranha fish imitation on Archie, is a delight.

JOHN CHARLTON:

The Night of the Twelfth appears to be based on a notorious English murder case, but it would be giving the game away to say which. The picture of a young boy is found in a cornfield in Sussex, the third such murder during the past year, and the Home Counties police intensify their search for the criminal. Meanwhile, at a select prep school in the south of England, the staff fear that Arab farcure may attempt to kidnap one of their pupils, the son of the Israeli ambassador to London. The hallmark of Michael Gilbert's work is its professional competence, and this brings these two disparate strands together very skilfully into a well-constructed plot with a totally unexpected ending. *The Night of the Twelfth* is a highly respected young novel, and a very good one.

which others have fallen: instead of giving his English criminals or detectives American voices—which usually means that they sink into minor roles in mid-Atlantic—he has cunningly seconded Al Cohen, a detective-sergeant from New York, to the Metropolitan Police. And with Al wisecracking away in the genuine manner, the rest of the characters are free to adopt their own individual styles: in each case colloquial, allusive and natural—hardly a false note is sounded throughout the book.

ERIC CORDER:
The Bite
224pp. W. H. Allen. £3.50.

Wylie Lincoln and Russ Turner run the Cerberus School for Dogs (25th Street at Second Avenue) and also, if the money is right, do private detective work on the side. This novel they spend some of their time tracking down photos compromising the blonde girlfriend of a labour racketeer. "Some of their time" because there is more in *The Bite* than can comfortably be chewed: Wylie's sex life, Russ's psychological hang-ups and an assortment of practical hints for dog-owners (put a mousetrap on the sofa in order to stop your dog sitting there) leave little room for any intrigue. Eric Corder is apparently better known for his "hard-hitting, blood-soaked stories of slave life on the plantations", and both sets of epithets can be carried over to describe his first venture in another field. However, as a lively portrayal of off-beat New York, it should be enjoyed by most cynophiles.

MICHAEL DELVING:
The China Expert
191pp. Collins. £2.95.

Marius Kagan, an American expert on Chinese porcelain, is asked by the British secret service to help them in recovering a Sung vase, on loan from the Chinese People's Republic, which has been stolen from a new London museum. Michael Delving's book is well-written, well-constructed and very readable: it is also, at times, exceedingly funny, and the author has succeeded in the difficult task of making the action crackle without losing sight of the humour. Some of the humour comes, of course, from Marius's amateur bungling, but a more subtle source is the gradual revelation of the degree to which espionage has intruded into Marius's personal life without his knowledge.

JOHN GARDNER:
To Run a Little Faster
204pp. Michael Joseph. £3.95.

It is 1938 and Simon Darrell, a Fleet Street journalist, is sent down to Cornwall to cover the mysterious disappearance of a member of Parliament. Although he is warned by the Special Branch, he persists in digging into the story, and is soon caught up in a dangerous political intrigue. A neat and unassuming thriller, constructed on the classical pattern by which an amateur becomes involved in a mystery to which he unwittingly holds the key.

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—romantic of Nicholas Blake's *A Question of Proof*—and, as always, the style is civilized and the characterization economical and very effective. This is one of Mr Gilbert's more serious novels, and certainly one of his best.

WILLIAM HAGGARD:
Yesterday's Enemy
204pp. Cassell. £3.75.

Fans of Colonel Charles Russell will be glad to know that although he has now retired from his post as head of the security executive, he still dabbles in intelligence from time to time. In *Yesterday's Enemy*, indeed, he plays a more physically demanding role than usual, acting in concert with a friend in the KGB to foil a plot designed to give the impression that West Germany has begun the secret manufacture of nuclear weapons. If this were believed, Soviet tanks would soon be rolling westwards. William Haggard's thriller, like *Yesterday's Enemy*, is something of an acquired taste. Palates not accustomed to it should begin with another one, for this is definitely an inferior example. It has moments of pleasantly iconoclastic elitism, but these go with an implausible scenario, a high-handed carelessness over detail and a superficially sophisticated style which is no more than Maugham and water.

ADAM HALL:
The Kobur Manifesto
244pp. Collins. £3.50.

This is Adam Hall's seventh thriller with the British agent Quiller as hero; perhaps it is time he were pensioned off, for *The Kobur Manifesto* marks a definite falling-off from the very high standards of *The Berlin Memorandum*, *The Warsaw Document*, or *The Tango Briefing*. In it, Quiller is pulled out of a quiet holiday on the Côte d'Azur with a sun-tanned air hostess and a book of regulations, and is involved in several agonies. Five international terrorists are converging on an unknown target. Following one of them, and leaving a trail of bodies in his wake, Quiller moves rapidly from Italy to Cambodia, then to Washington, Brazil and back to the United States, where he succeeds, literally, in holding the villain with their own petard. The excitement is certainly there, but the plot lacks stuffing at every seam and underlies, calcium-deficient Quiller absconds with the villain, enough punishment to put Conan the barbarian into an intensive care unit.

LAURENCE HENDERSON:
Major Enquiry
182pp. Harrow. £3.75.

When the dead body of sixteen-year-old Monica Henkey is found lying on a common in north-east London she is taken to be the latest victim of a murderer and rapist who has already killed five girls, and is sent to the East London Crime Squad to investigate. For Detective Sergeant Milton of the local police, now near retirement, who has known Monica since she was born, the crime is a more personal affair, and proceeding by intuition rather than by evidence, he uncovers a dark and well-constructed plot, told in the right tone of sober realism to match the well-observed surroundings.

ROBERT LUDLOW:
The Gemini Contenders
416pp. Harp-Davis, MacGibbon. £3.50.

In 1939 the Order of Xenope, a Greek Orthodox monastic brotherhood, had over 100 members in Savarone, Font-Croix, the "rich aristocrat in Italy", a secret collection of early Christian documents, which if they became known, would "send the Christian world apart". Savarone, who has been hiding out for the next thirty-five years, is a freethinker and a bloody-souled man, among others, the Gemini Contenders, a book of the Order of Xenope, a Greek Orthodox monastic brotherhood, had over 100 members in Savarone, Font-Croix, the "rich aristocrat in Italy", a secret collection of early Christian documents, which if they became known, would "send the Christian world apart". 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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Leisure Services—Libraries

assistant librarian

Librarians Scale £2127-£3282 plus £312 supplement

Enthusiastic young qualified librarians are required for the following posts in the Greater Nottingham area. All these vacancies offer excellent opportunities to gain experience in a progressive public library service. The minimum salary for Chartered Librarians is £2822 p.a. plus £312 supplement.

Nottingham District

This post is one of a team of six professional librarians responsible for the library service in the inner city area of Nottingham and the person appointed will specialise with another member of the team in work with children and young people in the area. The successful applicant (male or female) will be based at the new Nottingham Central Library which is due to open in January, 1977, and there will be an additional involvement in the adult services at this library. This is a new post which will be operative from 28 November, 1976.

Nottingham District

The successful applicant (male or female) will be responsible for the Top Valley Joint Public School Library which is a new service to open in November 1976 serving both the general public and the pupils and staff of the Top Valley Comprehensive School. Although on the staff of the Leisure Services Department the Librarian will be expected to work in close co-operation with the school headmaster. This post offers the opportunity to be involved in the development of a new field of librarianship which attempts to integrate the total library resources within a community. A good all round professional ability which can be demonstrated and communicated to a wide range of users will be required to make the venture successful.

Broxtowe District

This post is based at Beeston Library and carries responsibility for readers advisory work in the adult library. The successful applicant (male or female) will be involved in all aspects of the service to adults, including enquiry and general reference work, and at times will be responsible for a number of staff.

In each case generous assistance will be given with the expenses incurred in moving house in accordance with the Authority's scheme. Further details of each post are available from the staffing section either by telephone on Nottingham 886655 extension 381 or by writing to the address below.

Applications, including full personal and career details and the names of two referees, should be sent to the Director of Leisure Services, Trent Bridge House, Fox Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham, not later than 15 October, 1976.



Nottinghamshire County Council
County Hall West Bridgford
Nottingham NG2 7GP

Australia

DARLING DOWNS INSTITUTE OF
ADVANCED EDUCATION
TOOWOOMBA, QUEENSLAND
TECHNICAL SERVICES
LIBRARIAN

Salary \$A13,880-\$15,744 p.a. The Darling Downs Institute is a progressive institution of higher education. It is situated in Toowoomba, a city of 66,000 people, on the eastern edge of the Great Dividing Range in an area of 2,100 feet. It has good primary, secondary and tertiary education facilities, extensive shopping and commercial areas and is within a few hours drive of the Gold Coast, the Queensland coast and various mountain resorts.

Applications are invited from Librarians with suitable qualifications and experience for the above position. Applicants should have sound knowledge and experience of all aspects of technical services work and have an interest in computer applications to library systems. Experience in staff management and ability to promote staff development are essential.

The Institute Library is an integral part of the School of Resource Materials and has a growing collection in a wide range of media. The position offers considerable scope for a Librarian to demonstrate initiative, leadership and an innovative approach to bibliographic organisation.

Applications, including a curriculum vitae and the names of two referees, should be sent to the Agent-General for Queensland, 892 and 398 Strand, London WC2R 0LE. Closing date November 1, 1976.

HERTFORDSHIRE
LIBRARY SERVICE

WHICH WATFORD?

A semi-industrial town and major regional shopping centre with a population of over 78,000, Watford is well situated for main communication routes and pleasant countryside. Two posts for Chartered Librarians have fallen vacant:

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN. Following Barry Cropper's promotion to be Librarian of Watford we need an experienced Librarian to deputise for him and to help him lead a team of ten professionals in serving this demanding town. Salary on Grade AP V.

CHILDREN'S LIBRARIAN. Now that Chris Saunders has departed us for Nottinghamshire, there is space for another tireless dynamo to continue his work of presenting and expanding the provision for children. Salary on AP IV.

Local Weighting £180 per annum and £312 Annual Salary Supplement is payable for both posts.

For details contact Alan White, Training/Personnel Officer, Hertfordshire Library Service, Library Headquarters, County Hall, Hertford SG13 8EL, telephone Hertford 54242 ext. 5487. Applications within 14 days of the appearance of this advertisement.

BOROUGH LIBRARIAN'S DEPARTMENT

SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Applicants must/females should have completed a recognised final qualification in Librarianship. Starting salary within Librarian Scale up to £3,282 p.a. Applications from Chartered Librarians with a view to an appointment within AP5 will be welcome. A supplement of £312 is payable.

Further details and application form from the Borough Librarian, "Discover" 100, Road, Hutton, Macclesfield, Cheshire, (Tel. 051-468 8865).

Closing date October 16, 1976.

KNOWSLEY

Metropolitan Borough of

Directorate of Community Services

CHIEF LIBRARIAN

PO.2(III) £8,880-£7,341 + £312 supplement

A fully qualified and widely experienced Librarian is needed to be responsible to the Assistant Director (Leisure and Recreation) for the operation of our comprehensive Library Service which comprises 16 libraries, a mobile library and associated specialist services.

This post is advertised with the agreement of the local branch of NALGO on the salary recommended by the Greater London Whitley Council.

If any further information is required please telephone Mr. Goodfield on 780 1818.



Application forms from Personnel Services, Town Hall, Patriot Square, E2 or telephone 081 0077 any time quoting reference 9/14. Closing date 18th October.



Learning Resources Centre

ASSISTANT
LIBRARIAN

Salary £3,722-£3,702 + £312

A dynamic, professionally qualified Librarian, preferably a Graduate, is required to supervise the counter lending service and assist in the development of a computerised system. Relevant experience in a large library system an advantage.

Application forms to be returned by 18th October, 1976, can be obtained with further particulars from Personnel Officer.

OPEN UNIVERSITY
LIBRARYASSISTANT
LIBRARIANS

Applications are invited for two posts which catalogue and classify books and other media and provide liaison and information services for the academic staff of the University. Successful candidates will receive a postgraduate diploma in Librarianship and a wide library education.

Salary within the Open University Scale £3,142-£4,440 p.a. plus £312 supplement, according to qualifications and experience.

Further particulars and application forms can be obtained from the Open University Library, Milton Keynes MK9 1AA.

ATHROFA GOGLEDD-DD CYMRU
THE NORTH E WALES INSTITUTE
of Higher Education
Aston College, Mold Road, Wrexham

LIBRARIAN

required to take responsibility for the management of all print, based and Audio-Visual Learning Resources at Aston College and at the nearby ART Library.

Salary: NJC Grade AP4, £3,386 to £3,702 (plus the Salary Increment of £312 p.a.).

Further details and an application form from: The Institute Registrar, The North E Wales Institute, Administrative Centre, Kelsierion College, Connaught Quay, Clwyd.

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WORLD
FOR 20p

In almost any country you care to mention, The Times Literary Supplement finds a place in senior common room, on writing desk, in a briefcase. For academic and layman alike, the TLS provides voyages of discovery into every conceivable subject. Some of the finest talents write regularly for the Literary Supplement, and almost half a million lively minds read it every week.

THE
TIMES
LITERARY
SUPPLEMENT

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

MEDWAY HEALTH DISTRICT

(Kent Area Health Authority)
The Postgraduate Medical Library
Medway Hospital, Gillingham, Kent

Chartered
Librarian

Preferably with Medical Library experience, required to take control of this very well established and well stocked postgraduate medical library. This is an interesting post which includes overall supervision of the medical libraries at the main hospitals in the District.

Salary scale £2,681 to £3,534 plus a counter inflation supplement of £312 per annum.

The Postgraduate Medical Centre and Library are situated in very pleasant surroundings.

There are opportunities for study leave. Post vacant December 13, 1976, five-day, 37-hour week.

Application form and job description available from the Personnel Officer, Medway Health District, Medway Hospital, Gillingham, Kent (Tel. 0854 401334 ext. 27). Closing date for receipt of completed applications, October 20, 1976.

CHARTERED LIBRARIANS

with suitable experience in the following posts:—

Librarian, Mobile Library Service to the Housebound and Handicapped based at Luton.

School Librarian, Samuel Whitbread Upper School, Shefford (13-18).

Assistant Librarian, South Bedfordshire Professional Team based at Leighton Buzzard.

Salary for all posts is Librarian's Career Grade AP3-5 (£2,922-£4,085 + annual salary supplement) with progression beyond £3,282 dependent upon responsibility and experience. It is not envisaged that the current duties of these posts will warrant progression beyond £3,702. These figures do not include £312 p.a. annual salary supplement.

Benefits, some in approved cases include 100 per cent removal expenses, temporary lodging allowance, up to £300 legal and estate agency fees and the possibility of temporary accommodation.

Application forms and further particulars from the Personnel Officer, County Hall, Bedford. Closing date: October 13th, 1976.

Bedfordshire COUNTY COUNCIL

Cambridgeshire Libraries
Peterborough Division

Assistant Librarians

AP3/4 £2,922-£3,702 (+ £312 supp.) p.a. (2 posts)

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians. The persons appointed will be based at the new Brillon District Library which opens in February, 1977. This library adjoins a large community complex in a major shopping area and will be the information centre for the township formed under the Peterborough New Town Expansion Scheme.

Disturbance, removal and lodging allowances payable in approved cases.

Further details and application forms are available from the Assistant County Librarian, Peterborough Divisional Library Headquarters, Broadway, Peterborough, PE1 1RX, telephone 89105/8, to whom applications must be returned by 13th October, 1976.

EDUCATION DEPARTMENT—LIBRARIES DIVISION

SENIOR
ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN
(HIGH SCHOOLS)

AP 4, £3,466-£3,702 plus

£285 London Weighting and £312 Supplement. Keen and energetic Chartered Librarian required preferably a graduate, to work in a modern comprehensive school in charge of the library and responsible to the Library Adviser (Schools' and Children's Libraries).

Application forms and further details from Borough Librarian, Central Library, St. Nicholas Way, Sutton, Surrey, Tel. 01-843 4481.

Closing date 15th October, 1976.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
SUTTON

Leisure Services—Libraries

senior librarian
Mansfield

AP5 £3825-£4085 plus £312 supplement

An enthusiastic and experienced Chartered Librarian is required for this important new post. The successful applicant (male or female) will be responsible for the public library service to be operated from the new Mansfield Central Library, which is due to open in February, 1977. The library is located in a new central shopping precinct and has a total floor area of some 42,000 square feet in which is accommodated a suite of lecture and meeting rooms, a coffee bar and theatre in addition to the adult and junior libraries. Mansfield will also be the first library in Nottinghamshire to utilise a fully integrated computerised stock control system.

Generous assistance will be given with the expenses incurred in moving house in accordance with the Authority's scheme.

Further details are available from the Staffing Section, either by telephone on Nottingham 886655, extension 381, or by writing to the address below.

Applications, including full personal and career details and the names of two referees, also stating which post they refer to, should reach the Director of Leisure Services, Trent Bridge House, Fox Road, West Bridgford, Nottingham not later than 15 October, 1976.



Nottinghamshire County Council
County Hall West Bridgford
Nottingham NG2 7GP

LIBRARIANS

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

Applications are invited for Librarians to carry out the duties of the British Library in the following areas:—

Reference Librarian: To provide a high standard of service to the public and to the academic community. The successful candidate will be responsible for the management of the reference service and for the training of staff.

Acquisition Librarian: To be responsible for the selection and acquisition of books and other materials for the library. The successful candidate will be responsible for the management of the acquisition service and for the training of staff.

Technical Librarian: To be responsible for the technical services of the library, including the management of the bookbinding and repair service, the management of the microfilm and microfiche service, and the management of the audio-visual service.

Applications should be sent to the Director of the British Library, 10, Bedford Square, London WC1R 4EJ. Closing date: 15 October 1976.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE
COUNTY COUNCIL
EDUCATION

SCHOOL LIBRARIAN

AP3/4 £2,922-£3,702 (+ £312 supp.) p.a. (2 posts)

Applications are invited from Chartered Librarians. The persons appointed will be based at the new Brillon District Library which opens in February, 1977. This library adjoins a large community complex in a major shopping area and will be the information centre for the township formed under the Peterborough New Town Expansion Scheme.

Disturbance, removal and lodging allowances payable in approved cases.

Further details and application forms are available from the Assistant County Librarian, Peterborough Divisional Library Headquarters, Broadway, Peterborough, PE1 1RX, telephone 89105/8, to whom applications must be returned by 13th October, 1976.

THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF
GENERAL PRACTITIONERS

Requires a LIBRARY ASSISTANT for the Royal College of General Practitioners. The successful candidate will be responsible for the management of the library and for the training of staff.

Applications should be sent to the Director of the Royal College of General Practitioners, 10, Bedford Square, London WC1R 4EJ. Closing date: 15 October 1976.

SUSSEX COUNTY COUNCIL

COUNTY LIBRARY
SENIOR ASSISTANT LIBRARIAN

Salary: Grade S.O. £4,400-£5,000 p.a. plus £312 supplement. The successful candidate will be responsible for the management of the county library and for the training of staff.

Applications should be sent to the Director of the Sussex County Council, 10, Bedford Square, London WC1R 4EJ. Closing date: 15 October 1976.

LONDON BOROUGH OF
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LONDON BOROUGH OF
SUTTON

INTERNATIONAL
BROADCAST
INSTITUTE

LIBRARY AND DOCUMENTATION
The International Broadcasting Institute is seeking a Librarian to manage its library and documentation service.

Applications are invited for a Librarian to manage the library and documentation service of the International Broadcasting Institute. The successful candidate will be responsible for the management of the library and for the training of staff.

Applications should be sent to the Director of the International Broadcasting Institute, 10, Bedford Square, London WC1R 4EJ. Closing date: 15 October 1976.

ISLINGTON LIBRARIES

Applications are invited for Librarians to carry out the duties of the Islington Libraries. The successful candidate will be responsible for the management of the library and for the training of staff.

Applications should be sent to the Director of the Islington Libraries, 10, Bedford Square, London WC1R 4EJ. Closing date: 15 October 1976.

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